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LITERATURE.

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, with the Two Parts of the Return from Parnassus. Three Comedies performed in St. John's College, Cambridge, A.D. MDXCVII—MDCT. Edited from MSS. by the Rev. W. D. Macray. (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press.)

STUDENTS of the Elizabethan period may well rejoice in the recent addition to their libraries of two such books as Mr. Hubert Hall's *Society in the Elizabethan Age* and the volume now before us. Mr. Hall's highly interesting and most useful work reproduces "original matter," and gives us information that is "certainly new." Mr. Macray's work is itself a piece, or a set of pieces, of "original matter." It consists of three plays, two now printed for the first time, that bring vividly before us a certain phase of Elizabethan life, and might perhaps provide Mr. Hall with some illustrations, if to his excellent gallery of the landlord, the burgess, the courtier, and the other persons he portrays, he should presently be inclined to add the literary man.

It is strange, indeed, that the two plays now printed for the first time should not have been discovered before. They are referred to in a somewhat obscure passage in the Prologue to what we must now call the second part of "The Return from Parnassus":

"The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, and the Returne from Parnassus," says Momus, 'haue stood the honest Stagekeepers in many a crownes expence for linckes and vizards; purchased many a Sophister a knock with a clubbe; hindred the buttlers box, and emptied the colledge barrells; and now vnlesse you know the subject well, you may returne home as wise as you came; for this last is the last part of the Returne from Parnassus, that is, the last time that the authors wit wil turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the scene is not at Parnassus, that is, lookes not good invention in the face."

Which words seem to mean that the preceding plays had been extremely popular—had often been acted by link-light, had led to brawls, perhaps, by some at that time unmistakable personalities, greatly diminished the usual Christmas gambling, and led to the absorption of much college ale by those whom the performance with its excitement and shouting had made unquenchably thirsty. But we may presume the third play was yet more popular; perhaps because in its satire it appealed to a yet larger circle, and dealt with a subject about which there was just then much irritation. Its alternative name is "the Scourge of Simony"; and among other things it gives a very full and vigorous picture of the disreputable traffic in "livings"—the "steeple-fairs"—that then prevailed.

Are they quite extinct in these "enlightened" days?) However this may be, the third play was twice printed in 1606, and, though forgotten for a time, has long been well known and appreciated by Shaksperian scholars; the famous scene in Act IV., where Philomusus and Studioso in their desperate destitution think of betaking themselves to the stage, and apply to those distinguished professionals, Burbage and Kempe, and Burbage and Kempe boast of "our fellow Shakespeare" and his prowess, having been quoted again and again. The earlier plays, known only by the mention of them given above, were supposed to have perished till the other day, when Mr. Macray unearthed them, in no far-away scarcely accessible retirement, but in the Bodleian library itself. Perhaps for books and MSS. as for men the truest solitude is to be found in crowds. To lie in an attic in the Hebrides or at the bottom of a box in Kamchatka—neither of these positions is lonely; but to be well housed in a public library, "this—this is solitude!" Who can say what may not yet be found, and found within an arm's length of everybody?

The dates of all these plays can happily be fixed with something like certainty. Prof. Arber has sufficiently shown that the third was acted in December 1601, and it is unnecessary to confirm his arguments. As to the date of the "Pilgrimage," Mr. Macray's adopted date of 1597 is hardly consistent with his own notes; for they rightly mention that Kinsayder's *Satyres* and also Bastard's *Epigrams*, both which works are named in the text, were not published till 1598. The phrase "some four years" in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's MS. copy, denoting the period during which the author has been busy with his two "Individui Vagi" (which seems to mean "Wandering Individuals"), certainly cannot be pressed to overrule such evidence, or the fact, quoted by a correspondent in a contemporary, that there is a clear allusion to Marlow's *Hero and Leander*, which also was not published in 1598. In the second play Weaver's *Epigrams* are referred to; and these, as Mr. Macray points out, were not published till 1599. If we put these things and others together—Gullio's record of his exploits "now verie latelie in Irelande" is worth noting—it would seem fairly certain that the "Pilgrimage" came out at Christmas 1598-9; the "Return," part i., at Christmas 1599-1600; and part ii. at Christmas 1601-2.

The subject is "the discontent" of scholars—the misery of those who, having no private pecuniary means, would fain devote themselves to poetry and culture. In the "Pilgrimage" the two heroes, Philomusus and Studioso, set out for Parnassus with high hopes and buoyant spirits. They succeed, these Endymions, in resisting the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil, variously represented by Madido a sot, Stupido a Puritan, Amoretto a votary of Venus, and a perhaps yet more dangerous person, one Ingenioso, a demoralised poet, who is now turning his back on the country he once sought, having found to his cost that it is a country stricken with poverty. But the pilgrims press on, and arrive at last at the haven where they would be, still sanguine and confident. The "Return" presents

them to us disappointed and crossed. Ingenioso's account has proved too true. In a stichomythic dialogue they give voice to their bitterness, and determine to beat a retreat:

"Phil. Th' arts are unkind that do their sons neglect.

Stud. Unkinder friends that scholars do reject.

Phil. Dissembling arts looked smoothly on our youth.

Stud. But load our age with discontent and ruth.

Phil. Friends foolishly us to this woe do train.

Stud. Fickle Apollo promised future gain.

Phil. We want the prating coin, the speaking gold.

Stud. Yea, friends are gained by that yellow mould.

Phil. Adieu, Parnassus! I must pack away.

Stud. Fountains, farewell, where beauteous nymphs do play.

Phil. In Helicon no more I'll dip my quill.

Stud. I'll sing no more upon Parnassus' hill.

Phil. Let's talk no more, since no relief we find.

Stud. In vain to score our losses on the wind."

And so the unhappy youths drift out in the world to live as they may. Philomusus gets a situation as a village sexton, Studioso as a private tutor. Both endure much ignominy, and are at last abruptly dismissed. Then in utter despair they resolve to go to Rome or Rheims, to turn Papists in the hope of being cherished and made much of by the church to which they should by this movement be "reconciled." And so ends the first part of the "Return." The same theme is repeated in the second.

Of special interest among the *personae* are certainly Ingenioso and Gullio: Gullio for his adoration of "sweet Mr. Shakespeare," whose poetry he pays the compliment of constantly quoting or appropriating, and whose picture he vows to have in his study at court; Ingenioso as a "study" of "the literary man"—the professional author of the Elizabethan days.

Ingenioso has a wretched time of it. It was the age of patronage, whose death-warrant was not to be signed and sealed for some century and a half, as signed and sealed it was by Dr. Johnson in that scathing letter of his to my Lord Chesterfield; and this distressed man of letters cultivates a patron, who at last presents him with two groats—"a fidler's wages" as the recipient afterwards describes his "tip"—with a reminder that Homer had scarce so much bestowed upon him in all his lifetime; "indeed, our countenance is enough for a scholar, and the sunshine of our favours yealdes good heate of itself." And so he will "live by the printing house"; and a miserable livelihood it is he secures in this way, to judge from his subsequent condition. Mr. Walter Besant has just been showing, in his able and eloquent address to the Society of Authors, how far from satisfactory are mostly the pecuniary relations of author and publisher at the present time. How would he describe such relations as they were in the Elizabethan age? The publishers—the "booksellers," as they were then called—had it all their own way then; and certainly it was not a good way for the authors, though one would be sorry to believe that among those publishers

there were not some men of probity and honour, worthy predecessors of the best specimens of "the trade" in our own time. There is said to be a good deal of human nature in man, and I suppose in publishers as well as in other men; and it is not, as a rule, a good arrangement that one man should lie at the mercy of another. But that was pretty much the position of the Elizabethan "author by profession," as of many an author since. Goldsmith's epitaph on Mr. Edward Purden might well have been graven on many a tombstone, with a change of name:

"Here lies poor Ned Purden, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back."

Such a condition of things is represented by the career of Ingenioso. He starves by the booksellers rather than lives by them. No doubt he is himself thriftless, but his position was not likely to encourage habits of thrift. And certainly he was no mere fiction. There were only too many writers who might have sat for that portrait. What I wish now to suggest is that the particular writer who was specially before the eye and in the mind of the probably Johnian author of the *Parnassus* plays was that famous Johnian wit, Thomas Nash. I do not think anyone will doubt this connexion who has studied Nash's "Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil."

"What, I travel to Parnassus?" shrieks out Ingenioso when the pilgrims ask him for his company. "Why, I have burnt my books, split my pen, rent my papers, and curse the cozening hearts that brought me up to no better fortune. I, after many years' study, having almost brought my brain into a consumption, looking still when I should meet with some good Maecenas that liberally would reward my deserts, I fed so long upon hope till I had almost starved. . . . Go to Parnassus! Alas, Apollo is bankrupt; there is nothing but silver words and golden phrases for a man; his followers want the gold, while tapsters, ostlers, carters and cobblers have a foaming pauch [pouch], a belching bag that serves for a chair of estate for *regina pecunia*. . . . Why, would it not grieve a man of a good spirit to see Hobson find more money in the tails of 12 jades than a scholar in 200 books? Turn home again, unless you mean to be *vacui viatores*, and to curse your witless heads in your old age for taking themselves to no better trades in their youth."

Compare this passage with the opening pages of "Pierce Penniless his Supplication":

"I sate up late, and rose early, contended with the colde and conversed with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to loss, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my pains not regarded or slightly rewarded, and I my self in prime of my best wit laid open to poverty. Whereupon, in a malcontent humour, I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers, and raged in all points like a mad man. . . . Thereby I grew to consider how many base men that wanted those parts which I had enjoyed content at will, and had wealth at command. I called to mind a cobbler that was worth five hundred pound, an hostler that had built a goodly inn and might dispend forty pounds yearly by his land, a car-man in a leather pilch that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horse and tail. . . . Thanks be to God, I am *vacuus viator*, and care not though I meet the Commissioners of Newmarket-heath at high midnight, for any crosses, images, or

pictures that I carry about me more than needs."

And further parallelisms might be brought forward; but, perhaps it will be enough to point out that Ingenioso is an admiring student and would-be follower of Juvenal, and that at the end of the third play he informs Academico that writs are out for him to apprehend him for his plays, and that he was bound for the Isle of Dogs, where there seems an evident allusion to Nash's play called the "Isle of Dogs," which gave such offence in 1597 that Henslow's company which acted it was silenced for a time, and the author put into prison. I do not mean that Ingenioso and Nash are to be identified, for Ingenioso himself, in the third play, speaks of him as past and gone. "Ay," he says, after naming Thomas Nash to Judicio, "here is a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly stockado in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gag-tooth, and his pen possest with Hercules' furies"; and the other replies:

"Let all his faults sleep with his mournful chest,
And there for ever with his ashes rest.
His style was witty, though it had some gall;
Some things he might have mended, so may all.
Yet this I say that for a mother wit
Few men have ever seen the like of it."

But clearly Nash illustrates Ingenioso.

These plays exhibit much wit and humour; and, quite apart from their historical interest, are well worth a perusal. The hall at St. John's must have rung with justifiable laughter when Goodman Percival appeared to arrange for the comfortable burying of his father, and that without any delay.

"Hark you, Sexton," says the "hard heir," who is already striding about his lands, "I pray you bury him quickly; for he was a good man, and I know he is in a better place that's fitter for him than this scurvey world, and I would not have him alive again to his hindrance. It will be better for him and me too, for there's a great change with me within this two hours; for the ignorant people that before called me Will now call me William, and you of the finer sort call me Goodman Percival."

And there are many other passages and speeches full of excellent fun. Here and there are touches of true poetical feeling and grace, as in the Act III. of the "Pilgrimage," when the young enthusiasts delight in their journey through the fields of learning and culture. Certainly these plays possess real literary merit, which makes it all the more important that the name of the author should be discovered.

Who was this well-informed and sprightly wit, who on no less than three occasions supplied St. John's College, Cambridge, with such admirable fooling? This has always been a mystery; but fresh effort ought now to be made to solve it. The second of the new plays seems to say that "our poet" had suffered from the popularity of his drama, or perhaps of his acting:

"Surely it made our poet a staid man,
Kept his proud neck from baser lambskin's wear
[*I.e.*, from assuming the hood of a Bachelor of Arts.]
Had like to have made him Senior Sophister
[*I.e.*, to have prevented his advancing beyond the status of a third year's man.]
He was fain to take his course to Germany,
Ere he could get a silly poor degree."

[My friend, Dr. Schoell, informs me that 'Parente Scholare' were nicknamed 'Käsebettler' and 'Käsejäger'.]
He never since durst name a piece of cheese,
Though Cheshire seems to privilege his name.
His look was never sanguine since that day,
Ne'er since he laughed to see a mimic play."

John Day has been suggested; but, unless the last line but one can be forced into a pun on his name, it is fatal to his pretensions. Moreover, he was of Caius, though this perhaps might be got over; and was he connected with Cheshire? Very little seems made out about the details of his life. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that, though for a time at Cambridge, he does not appear to have graduated there. His claims may deserve further consideration. I will just mention, as nothing ought to be neglected that may be of the slightest use, that Nash seems to have had a friend called Beeston, a name sufficiently redolent of Cheshire; and, I think, what I have said and quoted above justifies the supposition that the writer of the *Parnassus* plays was a friend of Nash. Can anything be found out about "Maister Apislapis" to whom Nash's confutation of Gabriel Harvey's *Four Letters* is inscribed? Is he the same as the player Christopher Beeston, first mentioned by Henslow *s.a.* 1602? The notion of his having anything to do with these plays may prove the worthlesslest of worthless conjecture; but it may just be mentioned, if only to be finally refuted and thrown aside.

There are many other points of interest and of importance in these plays; but this article is already too long. I will only now heartily thank Mr. Macrae for having placed within our reach a volume of such real value. He does, indeed, deserve well of the republic of letters.

JOHN W. HALES.

Industrial Ireland: a Practical and Non-political view of "Ireland for the Irish."
By Robert Dennis. (John Murray.)

"IRELAND was clearly meant to be England's cattle farm." "Clear out the redundant population and grow more beef and mutton." These have so long been the maxims not merely of hard business men, but of philanthropists, that Mr. Dennis's book must come to the average Englishman as little short of a revelation. That Ireland should have made excellent flint-glass; that Dublin silversmiths' work and cutlery should have been *hors ligne*; that, long before Belleek was dreamed of, artistic pottery was so successfully produced as to call for a strong protest from Wedgwood; that paper-making was largely carried on on the borders of Wicklow and elsewhere; that the tanning business and the boot and shoe trade were really important—these and such like facts will be news to thousands who have been dosed *ad nauseam* with Irish politics.

What ruined these once promising industries? Was it strikes; or the Union; or that ineradicable fault and corruption of the Irish nature, that thriftlessness with which (to the contemptuous astonishment of everybody save the English, who have grown used to it) one small section of Irishmen is never tired of charging all the rest of the nation?

All these reasons have told. Strikes succeed where trade unions are widely organised. In Ireland they were foredoomed to failure.

The Union did irretrievable harm in this as in other respects. Unlike Scotland, Ireland was not in a position to be united to England on really equal terms. For her union meant degradation; even for Scotland it meant the thorough unpopularity of the Scotch during at least half a century. But everything which enabled Scotland to hold her own during that very trying time was wanting in Ireland. Scotland had a proud native nobility, of whom even the most loyal (the Argylls, for instance) were Scotchmen first and loyal subjects after. The mass of the Irish nobility—either venal lawyers, or descendants of jobbing bishops, or else aliens like Lords Lansdowne and Devonshire, had not one feeling in common with the people from whom they drew their rents. At the Union those who had posed as patriots threw off even the flimsy pretence of caring for Ireland; and therefore (and this is the all-important point in reference to our subject) the Union made Irish wares unfashionable. The un-Irish *noblesse* had naturally a large following. No one who could afford it, or who wished to be thought able to afford it, would knowingly wear or use any home product. Every *shoneen* and his female belongings pretended to be as convinced that nothing worth looking at could be made by those whom, in a high brogue, they stigmatised as “the Irish,” as the Pharisees were that no good thing could come out of Nazareth. That is how the Union worked woe both to old manufactures such as woollens, and to those which had sprung up under the life-giving impulse of Grattan’s Parliament.

Is the third, too, a *causa vera*? We need not wonder if it were. It would not be the fault of Irish nature but of human nature to give up striving after excellence when excellence wholly ceased to be appreciated. We could not wonder if all Irish work was “faulty and careless,” seeing that it was condemned to supply only the classes for whom “anything is good enough.” But the very reverse is the fact. Despite the most chilling discouragement, the few Irish products that have survived are, in their kind, singularly good—the boots excellent; the paper (whether from Swiftbrook or Saggart Mills) equal to any that is made anywhere; above all, the woollen fabrics strong and honestly woven and exceptionally free from defects. When Mr. Dennis talks of “the faulty and unsaleable character of Irish goods,” he must base his verdict on some of those imperfect samples which, when they come from English mills, help as “job lots” to supply the “selling-off shops.” The Irish manufacturer is not so dexterous in getting rid of these failures which occasionally occur in all work, but of which Irish work contains relatively fewer, owing to what Mr. Dennis self-contradictorily says later on about the excellent quality of Irish workmanship and the conscientiousness of Irish workpeople. Of course, when a new industry is taken up—when Mrs. Hart, for instance, sets people to work to which they have never been accustomed—or when a man with old-fashioned machinery tries to rival the products of the newest looms, there must be imperfections; and these are paraded so industriously (thanks mainly to the un-Socratic irony of a certain class of Irish who depreciate not themselves but their country) that honest investigators like

Mr. Dennis are deluded into the belief that the general standard is a low one. This is a point on which I am able to speak with authority—not my own, but that of experts. For years I have given much attention to the subject, and have over and over again consulted qualified persons, often with strongly anti-Irish prejudices. They have uniformly testified to the singular excellence in their own kind of Irish goods. Mr. Dennis reminds us that shoddy holds the market, and advises us to go in for it. Here I join issue with him. I do trust that among the many curses brought upon us by the English connexion we shall not have to reckon the sophistication of our hitherto unadulterated wares. There has been a deal of talking beside the question about the inferiority of Irish butter. It is not the quality which is in fault, but the firkins. For several reasons the Irish farmer is too conservative in these matters. So long as the manufacturing districts took all that he sent, no matter how he sent it, and gave him a good price, he was not likely to cast about for improved casings, which, as yet, his customers had not learnt to appreciate. Had “the gentry,” instead of eating Danish butter at their own tables, and insisting on it at their hotels, shown their tenants how foreign butters are cased and sent to market, they would have been fulfilling a duty which Irish landlords have always ignored. They prefer to chuckle (as they chuckled to me in Kerry) over Mr. Dennis’s absurdities about “bedrooms being in the vast majority of cases used as dairies.” I hope Mr. Dennis does not claim to assert this from his own observation.

There is a fourth cause, of which all sides, we Nationalists especially, are apt to overlook the importance. With the Union came in that great economic change which was to make England the dry goods manufacturer for the world. Just as Irish wares became unfashionable, England, producing wholesale, thanks to her timely adoption of machinery, was able by underselling to beat them out of the market. When she could kill the textile industries of India, no wonder she found little difficulty in crushing those of Ireland. The patriotism is rare indeed which will go on giving twopence a yard more for the sake of keeping a native mill going. The fabrics, too, so largely affected by ladies, which just hold together for a single season, have not yet been made in Ireland. This economic change was felt everywhere. I have lived among the Leicestershire stockingers. I know the ruins of many a Cornish “tucking mill.” Here in Norfolk there has been an almost clean sweep of the old village industries. The difference was that in losing these things Ireland was losing her all; England had plenty else to fall back upon. Still Irish fabrics made a good fight. Not till Dargan’s Exhibition of 1853—so well meant, yet as ill-timed as Hezekiah’s showing of his treasures to the King of Babylon’s ambassadors—did the English manufacturer “tap” the Irish masses. Squireens and such like had been more or less wearing English goods since 1800; after 1853 these goods began to be displayed before the wondering eyes of Pat and Bridget. The frieze coat was too often exchanged for one of Yorkshire shoddy, the homespun petticoat for a “coburg” or a three-parts

cotton “linsey.” Ireland was no more ripe for an international exhibition in 1853 than she was for a Union in 1800. The Dublin exhibition of 1882, and that held at Cork in the following year, both did immense good, because they were strictly *national* and patriotic.

What, then, is the moral of Mr. Dennis’s book? First and foremost, that Irish people shall use Irish goods. Since 1882 there has been a wonderful move in the right direction. I was struck with it last November, both in Kerry and in Dublin. Earnest helpers like Mrs. Hart are doing their best over here; but the great market must always be at home. And is it not unpractical to wait, as I fear some of my fellow Nationalists are content to do, for Home Rule, as if by a magic touch that glorious change would at once set everything right? It will do much, incalculably more than cold economists can imagine; but that is all the more reason why, by getting things in gear, we should prepare for its completer triumph. Teach the young to act aright in this matter. Teach them to sacrifice even the twopence a yard, and to save it in some other way, if thereby they can keep a struggling industry from extinction. If I lived in Ireland, I would try never to use any but Irish flour, feeling that Mr. Dennis is quite right in urging that the greater cheapness of the American is more than compensated by the starving of the stock for want of bran. But then I would do my best to secure that the milling was so well done as to prevent any possible complaint on that score. And so with everything. There will have to be a self-denying ordinance on both sides. If Home Rule means anything, it means not only that the Irish consumer shall foster home products, but also that the Irish manufacturer shall provide such products good and cheap, even though for a while he may have to be content with a very small margin of profit. He must determine to provide things which will fairly compete in open market with those of other countries. What he cannot make on those terms he had better leave alone. He can do a great deal if he will try, as Mr. Dennis points out, thanks to the exceptional cheapness of labour. And the small farming that, whether with a peasant proprietary or with the state as landlord, seems destined to be the chief industry of the Ireland of the future, gives spells of unoccupied time, which under Home Rule must not be allowed to be spells of idleness.

Finally, I take leave, as an old preacher of the Irish manufacture gospel, to thank Mr. Dennis for reminding us of our shortcomings, and of what under the new *régime* we shall have to do. For the present, all costly undertaking must remain in abeyance, thanks to the political deadlock. But, though little can be done just now, the book is timely. It will prove to the English reader how much there is that Ireland might do successfully if only she had the heart to work. Perhaps the greatest praise that I can give to the book is that, though published in the most bigoted of Tory papers, and with the express intention of showing what the Tories will do for us if we are good and quiet and give up “asking for the moon,” it might (save an expression here and there) have appeared in *United Ireland* itself.

Mr. Dennis loudly asserts at the outset his determination to be non-political, and on the whole he succeeds, though he cannot help a fling at that old scapegoat, William III., "the destroyer of the Irish woollen trade." I have tried to be as non-political as he is; for the matter is beyond politics, and it is a matter in regard to which my fellow Nationalists would do well to prepare their minds. Small industries, needing little "plant," are just the thing to keep evicted populations from getting wholly demoralised during the deadlock. The straw bottle-envelope trade takes yearly £100,000 out of Ireland. I do not see why every penny of this should not be spent at home now that there is no fear of the earnings going into the landlords' pocket. Nationalist boards of guardians might do worse than start a straw bottle-envelope factory; and I think that if, in industrial schools managed by Sisters, letter-envelopes were made of Irish paper, they would command the local market. They would, of course, be used by all the Catholic clergy, to begin with. The Christian brothers have set a wonderfully good example in regard to some trades. Father Davis of Baltimore has nobly shown what individual effort may do to restore a decaying industry.

I have another reason for thanking Mr. Dennis. Only here and there (as in the butter chapter) does he descend to that would-be jaunty style which most Englishmen adopt in writing about Irish matters; and which, therefore, unpatriotic Irishmen exaggerate. It is, forsooth, thought to be "racy of the soil" by those who never set foot in the country, and whose typical "Pat" is the Irishman of Lever. Mr. Dennis lays much blame (and justly) on the excessive charges of Irish railways. He touches too lightly on one cause not (I hope) political, but I suppose in some way economical, which has hindered Irish manufactures—the total absence of government patronage. I do not think a sheet of Irish-made paper is used in the Castle. The examinees of T. C. D. write on English foolscap. With the finest coast in Europe, we have never had a training-ship to foster a seafaring population.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

Democracy, and other Addresses. By James Russell Lowell. (Macmillan.)

OF the nine addresses which compose this volume seven were delivered in England during the years 1881 to 1885. The longest and, in many ways, the most important gives its title to the book, and was Mr. Lowell's inaugural address as president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. The other subjects are personal and literary: speeches on President Garfield and Dean Stanley, and occasional discourses on Fielding, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others. Some authors give us carefully wrought treatises under the term Addresses; Mr. Lowell's so-called Addresses are such in reality. They were prepared for the platform; and, accordingly, we do not find, and have no right to expect, the finished form or concentrated thought which belongs to work prepared for the reader and not for

the hearer. We do expect, however, in any work of Mr. Lowell's, wise and suggestive ideas; and here, at least, we are not doomed to disappointment. Mr. Lowell is a scholar, and, what is of still greater importance, a man of broad and sympathetic mind. He sees with his own eyes clearly enough; but he can also place himself at the standpoint of others and see, so to speak, with their eyes. In the brief speech which he delivered at Westminster Abbey in commemoration of Dean Stanley, he said:

"If I were to put in one word what struck me as perhaps the leading characteristic of Dean Stanley, and what made him so dear to many, I should say it was not his charity, though his charity was large—for charity has in it sometimes, perhaps often, a savour of superiority—it was not his toleration, for toleration, I think, is apt to make a concession of what should be simply recognised as a natural right; but it was rather, as it seems to me, the wonderful many-sidedness of his sympathies."

Something like this might be said of Mr. Lowell. His distinguishing characteristic is, probably, the many-sidedness of his sympathies.

Accordingly, he is able to speak on many subjects at least intelligently, generally wisely, and always pleasantly. He has much to say about democracy—not only in the address bearing this title, but, incidentally, in several of the other addresses. He calls England "a monarchy with democratic tendencies, the United States a democracy with conservative instincts." He is himself a firm believer in the democratic principle, after the experience of a lifetime of its working:

"An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run. It is perhaps true that, by effacing the principle of passive obedience, democracy, ill-understood, has slackened the spring of that ductility to discipline which is essential to 'the unity and married calm of States.' But I feel assured that experience and necessity will cure this evil, as they have shown their power to cure others."

He demands of democracy achievements in proportion to his confidence in its excellence. Thus, he tells the Harvard students that

"Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure."

Mr. Lowell's literary judgments are always worth hearing, although they are somewhat unequal. His treatment of Coleridge is especially disappointing. He is haunted with the weakness, real or supposed, which attaches to the character of this poet and thinker. He cannot forget Coleridge, the opium-eater. It is perfectly true that Coleridge's plans and designs were much vaster than his execution of them, and that he never succeeded in constructing a system of philosophy. He was, doubtless, deficient in steady perseverance with the tasks he took in hand. Yet, the fact remains that, as Mr. Lowell himself puts it, "many of his hints and suggestions are more pregnant than whole treatises." Of a

man of which this is true such criticism as the following seems painfully inadequate:

"No doubt we have in Coleridge the most striking example in literature of a great genius given in trust to a nerveless will and a fitful purpose."

"This is not the time nor the place to pass judgment on Coleridge the man. Doubtless it would have been happier for him had he been endowed with the business faculty that makes his friend Wordsworth so almost irritatingly respectable. But would it have been happier for us? We are here to-day not to consider what Coleridge owed to his family or to the world, but what we owe to him. Let us at least not volunteer to draw his frailties from their dread abode. Our own are a far more profitable subject of contemplation. Let the man of imaginative temperament, who has never procrastinated, who has made all that was possible of his powers, cast the first stone. The cairn, I think, will not be as tall as Hector's. With Coleridge, I believe the opium to have been congenital; and, if we may judge by many a profoundly pathetic cry, both in his poems and his letters, he answered grievously for his frailties during the last thirty years of his life."

That this man of nerveless will and fitful purpose did at length, though late, bravely and successfully grapple with his besetting vice is not named by Mr. Lowell; yet this is the most significant feature of the whole story, when we attempt to weigh Coleridge's character.

In striking contrast with his judgment on Coleridge is Mr. Lowell's judgment on Fielding. He has understood Fielding, and does not attempt to patronise him. There is nothing said about not dragging his frailties from their dread abode. Indeed, Mr. Lowell appears to be fully satisfied that the great novelist had no failings:

"He was a lovingly thoughtful husband, a tender father, a good brother, a useful and sagacious magistrate. He was courageous, gentle, thoroughly conscious of his own dignity as a gentleman, and able to make that dignity respected."

Of Fielding's works he says, truly, that they have become "a substantial part of that English literature which may be said not merely to exist, but to live," because their author "had the courage to be absolutely sincere, if he had not always the tact to see where sincerity was out of place." Mr. Lowell even finds pathos in Fielding—a discovery which will surprise many students of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. He refers to the scene of the supper which Amelia prepares for Booth as an example, saying, "there is nowhere a scene more pathetic"; but, for my own part, I confess even this does not convince me. I always found Fielding singularly incapable of depicting pathos. Whenever he attempted it, he fell only into bathos. For the rest, Mr. Lowell's criticism of Fielding is, undoubtedly, just and discriminating. His judgment here is far higher in tone and temper than that on Coleridge. Fielding, he says,

"assuredly believed himself to be writing with an earnest moral purpose in his two greater and more deliberately composed works, and, indeed, clearly asserts as much. I also fully believe it, for the assertion is justified by all that we know of the prevailing qualities of his character, whatever may have been its failings and lapses, if failings and lapses they were. . . .

How, then, are we to explain certain scenes in these books, except by supposing that Fielding was utterly unconscious that there was any harm in them? Perhaps we might also say that he was so sincere a hater of cant, and sham, and hypocrisy, that in his wrath he was not careful to consider the want of ceremonious decorum in his protest, and forgot that frankness might stop short of cynicism without losing any of its virtue. He had so hearty an English contempt for sentimentality that he did not always distinguish true sentiment from false; and, setting, perhaps, an over-value on manliness, looked upon refinement as the ornament and protection of womanly weakness, rather than as what it quite as truly is—the crown and complement of manly strength." "His aim was to paint life as he saw it, not as he wished it was or hoped it might be; to show us what men really did, not what they were pleased to believe they thought it would be well for other men to do."

The paper on Wordsworth is as good as that on Fielding. Mr. Lowell freely acknowledges Wordsworth's limitations; and perceives that "in his truly inspired and inspiring passages," the poet "is most unlike his ordinary self, least in accordance with his own theories of the nature of poetic expression." Perhaps no poet ever achieved such extremes of bad and good as Wordsworth. His worst work is absurdly bad. If he had had any sense of the ludicrous he could never have perpetrated it. There are a few enthusiasts who find beauty and wonderful thought in Wordsworth's baldest utterances. His best admirers, however, freely recognise his faults, and would gladly bury a large proportion of his work out of sight for ever. I am no admirer of "Selections," as a rule, but I would rather possess Matthew's Arnold's selections from Wordsworth than Wordsworth's complete works. For there is so much in the complete works which tempts to irreverent mockery; and Wordsworth was far too great a poet to be mocked at. "When at his best," as Mr. Lowell says, "he startles and waylays as only genius can." According to the same authority he has that surest safeguard against oblivion, that imperishable incentive to curiosity and interest that belongs to all original minds. His finest utterances do not merely nestle in the ear by virtue of their music, but in the soul and life, by virtue of their meaning."

It is not necessary to discuss at length the other contents of the volume. The discourse on "Don Quixote" is among the best; that on "Books and Libraries" is bright and chatty, and, wherewithal, instructive. Even where he has no new thought to offer, Mr. Lowell, by some excellent phrase or turn of sentence, gives an old thought fresh significance and interest. Whether readers agree with his opinions or not, he will always command their attention. WALTER LEWIN.

THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.

The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre. By Henry M. Baird. With Maps. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

"The Church History Series," II.—*The Reformation in France from the Dawn of Reform to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.* By Richard Heath. (Religious Tract Society.)

THESE two works are very different in bulk.

Mr. Heath's little volume contains a sketch-history of French Protestantism from the dawn of the Reformation to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and thus, roughly speaking, may be said to cover a century and a half. Mr. Baird's two goodly tomes extend from the accession of Henry III. in 1574 to the death of Henry IV. in 1610, and thus embrace the events of only some thirty-six years. Nor is the diversity between the two works a diversity of scale alone. Mr. Heath has scarcely attained to the impartiality or breadth of view of the true historian, and he writes habitually as if he were translating. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine that such sentences as the following can have been originally framed in English:

"To distract his melancholy, he [Charles IX.] had parties of pleasure at the places of public execution, and spent his nights in riots. A year of this life and he was in his grave, glad on his own account, as well as for France, that he left no posterity."

And, again:

"This elevation of the Bible [in a Confession of Faith prepared by Calvin] to a position exactly opposed to that in which Catholicism placed the Church is most noteworthy."

Mr. Baird takes altogether different rank as a historian and writer. He is not indeed without his Protestant bias, and would probably answer with Michelet, if attacked on such a score, that he has had no care to "maintain a wise and prudent equilibrium between good and evil," and, "on the contrary, is frankly strongly partial on the side of right and truth." But, though in full sympathy with the Huguenots, he is no blind partisan. He judges with equity and weight. His book is built on the solid rock of contemporary records. It bears every mark of industry, accuracy, and care. It is, in fact, a solid book, lacking somewhat in brilliancy, perhaps, especially when compared with Motley's glowing histories, and rather unduly weighted with extracts from official documents and public manifestoes—extracts that might preferably have been relegated to notes or appendices—and yet a book arranged clearly, lucidly, with a due sense of proportion; in brief, a book of which Mr. Baird may well be proud.

It opens, as I have said, with the accession of Henry III., on the death of Charles IX. in 1574, and closely follows the main stream of French history till July 1593, when Henry IV. abjured Protestantism, and was reconciled to the Roman Church. Thence forward, to quote the author's own words,

"it assumes a somewhat different type. Until the abjuration the fortunes of the Huguenots had been inseparably connected with the personal successes and reverses of Henry IV. However imperfect an exponent the king was of the moral and religious life of the French Protestants, however fickle and selfish his zeal, however prone his disposition to subordinate Huguenot interests to his own, he was still the nominal head of the party, the solemnly elected Protector of the Reformed Churches, as, during the previous reigns, he had been the recognised mouthpiece of their complaints and their demands. . . . His abjuration alters the situation essentially. The historian may now be excused from the attempt to chronicle all the remaining incidents of the reign of a king who had become a stranger to Protestantism."

Accordingly, Mr. Baird almost turns his back on the apostate monarch at this point, and devotes his attention to the negotiations which led to the signing of the Edict of Nantes, and to the general history of the French Huguenots up to the time when the knife of Ravallac put an end to Henry's career on May 14, 1610.

Yet "the historian," for all his austerity, cannot altogether find it in his heart to curse his misguided hero. He seems to do his best to curse, but oftentimes words of blessing come to his lips. There are some men whose charm of indestructible vitality is so great that it defies death and time. As they cast a spell on their contemporaries, they cast a spell on after generations. Such a man was Henry IV. He is alive for us now, stands out in the dead past of three centuries ago a living active figure. We all of us remember how his mother, the great hearted Jeanne d'Albret, sang an old Béarnaise song while in the pains of labour that the child might come into the world fitly, gaily, as a Béarnaise princeling should; and we know, too, how the grandfather moistened the new-born baby-lips with wine. We have glimpses of the boy also as a hardy active urchin, running bare-legged among the hills of rocky Béarn. Then beside the later Valois in what gallant contrast does he stand! It is not that his morals are good. In that respect he largely uses the license of his time. But, while Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III. are clearly the last shrivelled twigs upon a tree all worm-eaten, cankered, and decayed, he is full of vigorous sap, strong, lusty, alive to the very finger-tips. Of daring he has no stint. If he is no more than a clever "cavalry captain," as Napoleon declared somewhat superciliously, he has at least the boiling courage of the soldier who delights in the battle-charge; and he is patient in adversity, and gay withal, and ready of speech too, uttering every now and again some incisive word that remains for ever graven in the nation's heart. Love-words also come trippingly from his tongue and pen; and his notes to the "Belle Corisandre" or the fair Gabrielle, who alternately reigned in his fickle heart, hold still a delightful old-world charm of grace and spontaneity. Nature had already tried her prentice hand on a similar character when she fashioned Henry's uncle, the first Condé, of whom the popular voice had sung lovingly, in words that may be thus paraphrased:

"The little man, so witty-pretty,
Who ever laughs and trolls his ditty,
And kisses ever when he can—
God save from harm the little man!"

But now, in her second attempt, nature had made the better work which she had only attempted in Condé, and Henry may take foremost rank even in a time prolific of great men.

So, though he lightly held that "Paris was well worth a mass," and bartered his faith for a crown, and though the shadow of that renegade act looms over these two volumes, still is Mr. Baird constrained to admit that

"neither the patriot nor the lover of religious freedom can be oblivious to the claims of the first Bourbon King of France to the gratitude of posterity. His was the sagacious intellect, his the unflinching courage, his the steady hand

that brought order out of the confusion into which the civil wars of the latter half of the sixteenth century had plunged his country. It was Henry of Navarre who never despaired of the commonwealth even in the darkest hour of the conflict with the League. It was he who restored to France her rightful position among the leading states of Western Europe."

The record is not a bad one; and of the apostasy itself one must also say, in all fairness, that if Henry had scant faith in the religion he adopted, he had not very much more in the religion which he left. If this be an excuse, and to some extent it is, he is entitled to the benefit of it. However, I have no intention of breaking a lance in his defence with Mr. Baird. Falsehood is falsehood, and monarchs should hold to the paths of rectitude like lesser men. Henry gave to the Protestants of France nearly a century of peace and partial toleration. Would he have done more for them by holding to his mother's faith? A hard question truly. At any rate, if he is "ower bad for blessing" altogether, one may also say of him, as old Andrew Fairservice said of Rob Roy, and as Mr. Baird himself evidently feels, that he is most certainly "ower gude for banning."

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

NEW NOVELS.

Driven before the Storm. By Gertrude Forde. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Sex to the Last. By Percy Fendall. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Garden of Memories, &c. By Margaret Veley. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Garrison Gossip. By John Strange Winter. In 2 vols. (White.)

Peggy. By Mary Damant. (W. H. Allen.)

Fatal Shadows. By Mrs. L. L. Lewis. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

THE author of *Driven before the Storm* is not, I think, at all well known to the novel reading public, though I gather from the title-page of her present book that it has had two predecessors, one of which is, apparently, a work of fiction. She is not, however, likely to remain long in even comparative obscurity; for her writing, though it brings to us none of those happy surprises which are the gift of creative genius alone, has nearly all the merits which appeal to the general run of Mr. Mudie's subscribers, and few of the defects which vex the spirit of the more critical reader. In the first place, she has a story to tell; and with most of us this counts for a good deal, even in these days when the art of the story-teller has become somewhat discredited. In the second place, having a story to tell, she sets it forth and tells it in a direct and orderly manner, so that each chapter brings us nearer to the goal, which also is a sweet boon to those who have known the fatigue consequent upon the process of being dragged one step backward for every two steps forward, until they begin to believe that there is no goal to reach. In the third place, she has the power of conceiving clearly and painting vividly realisable characters and effective situations; and to this gift she adds a considerable command of passion and pathos, which are all the more effective because they

are well kept in hand by instinctive good taste. In the fourth and last place, Gertrude Forde writes in a style which is easy and free without being in the least free-and-easy—the style of a cultivated woman, who, being entirely free from self-consciousness and affectation, thinks only of what she has to say, and not of the manner in which she is saying it. The story, as a story, is attractive from its first page to its last. The opening chapters—where in the Isle of Capri we make the acquaintance of the principal characters, and learn to know them almost at once—are devoted to very bright and well-finished comedy, the liveliest part being played by Miss Blanche Hopkins, a charming American young lady, of whom one is sorry to lose sight so soon. In the middle of the second volume the story suddenly assumes a more tragic complexion, for the storm before which the hero and his fiancée are to be driven bursts in full fury; and at this point I must confess to some suspicion of a certain weakness in the construction of the plot. It seems improbable either that a jury should have found De Witt guilty of murder on the evidence presented to them, or that, being convicted, the influence of his friends should have been strong enough to procure a commutation of the capital sentence. If, however, the author be allowed the benefit of the doubt—and such allowance she may fairly claim—there can hardly be two opinions concerning the power with which she tells the tale of Barrington De Witt's martyrdom and Nell Lingwood's heroic constancy. Few novels of the season have a story which is either richer in tragic interest or stronger in literary workmanship; and if *Driven before the Storm* be not a successful book it will be another example of quite undeserved neglect. In view of a second edition, I may note that the proof-sheets of the first volume have been somewhat carelessly read. Mr. Brereton and his son are several times called Lingwood, and there are occasional lapses from orthographical orthodoxy such as "repellant" and "practise" where "practice" is clearly intended.

Sex to the Last is a somewhat senseless title, which Mr. Fendall's story neither explains nor justifies; but if there were nothing but a title to complain of, the solitary complaint would hardly be worth making. Unfortunately, this is not the case. It would be unwise to say that this particular novel is the most unpleasant novel that ever was written—because, probably, it would not be true, and also because, whether true or not, the reviewer has not read all the novels that have ever been written, and cannot therefore make the affirmation from personal knowledge. I am, however, quite within bounds when I say that it is the most unpleasant book which I have read for some time, by which I must not be supposed to mean that it contains any positive offences against decency or morality—though its ethical atmosphere is certainly far from sweet—but simply that the characters and situations are throughout entirely disagreeable. Heartless flirtation, loveless marriage, and sensual intrigue constitute the author's stock-in-trade; and though his society sketches are not wanting in a kind of superficial cleverness, there is no charm of manner which suffices to atone for the unpleasantness

of the matter. The climax of repulsiveness is reached in the last chapter, when the heroine commits suicide in the presence of her would-be seducer; but perhaps to such a novel no other conclusion was possible or fitting.

To close the book last mentioned and to turn from it to the three stories contained in Miss Margaret Veley's two volumes is like being transported at once from a close London court to a breezy, health-giving stretch of Yorkshire moorland. *A Garden of Memories* is a book to be enjoyed rather than praised, for its many beauties and fascinations are like the beauties and fascinations of wild flowers and natural perfumes, of which the most satisfying and, indeed, the only possible criticism is the expression of a great enjoyment. One may speak of Miss Veley's delicate and exquisite art; but "the art itself is nature," and it affects us just in the same way that we are affected by the things of nature. Here and there we encounter some stroke of fine insight, as when we are told that Tiny Vivian, having found an admiring listener in Mr. South, "was already a little less simple in consequence of his worship of simplicity," or some bright felicity of phrasing, as when Mrs. Staunton's artificial expression of amiability is described as "her electioneering smile"; but we are really charmed not by separate details—by this point or the other on which we can lay our finger and say "How good that is!"—but by something which pervades the entire conception, the whole workmanship, and which, perhaps, we can hardly realise to the full until we have reached the end of each story, and set it at a little distance from us. Pleasantly and noticeably diverse as the three tales are, they have a common motive; for in every one we have the story of the gradual supplanting of a long-cherished youthful ideal by something else, which can, perhaps, hardly be described as an ideal at all, but rather as a restful reality. In "A Garden of Memories," in "Mrs. Austin," and in "Lizzie's Bargain," there is the same emotional transference; and in all three, so tender and sympathetic is Miss Veley's treatment, the dead love is not a thing to be despised or put away, but rather a thing to be cherished as a memory of an old life which was good in its day, though the new is better. It is difficult to appraise the three stories in terms of comparison; but the majority of competent readers will probably agree that the place of honour has been rightly bestowed. Without any disparagement of its companions, it must be said that "A Garden of Memories" is specially noteworthy for freshness of conception and wealth of imaginative beauty.

Those who are acquainted with the previous work of the lady who chooses to be known as John Strange Winter will expect to find *Garrison Gossip* a lively story, and assuredly they will not be disappointed; for, whatever defects it may have, it never fails in vivacity. Mr. James Payn once wrote a book which he called *High Spirits*, a name by which he meant to describe, not the contents of the work, but the mood in which it was written; and, if the title had not been thus appropriated, it would have suited this writer admirably. The one chosen has, however, the

merit of being more adequately descriptive; for, though these two volumes contain a connected story with a beginning, a middle, and an end, it is filtered through the gossip of the gallant officers who are stationed at Blankhampton, and whose passion for newsmongering is a thing to wonder at. The author wastes no time: she begins to be lively at once, and having begun she does not allow herself even a momentary lapse into flatness. Severe critics may say that some of his character sketches are a trifle exaggerated, and so, no doubt, they are; but what reader, outside the ranks of the critics, will not condone a little exaggeration if they get with it a great deal of entertainment? The only people who have a right to complain are the originals of one or two rather cruelly drawn portraits. It is difficult to believe that they are not painted from life. If the writer has "done them out of her head," she is even cleverer than she seems to be.

"Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?" Not Miss Mary Damant; and even readers who are sick unto death of the Irish politics of to-day may be fearlessly recommended to read her very pretty and well-told story of Irish politics nearly a century ago. *Peggy* is indeed an admirable tale; simple but solid in construction, firm in grasp of character, rich in incident, and thoroughly readable in every way. The father of the charming heroine is a staunch loyalist, while her brother has secretly joined the United Irishmen; and sire and son are destined to meet, like Sohrab and Rustum, on the field of battle. Happily the result of the later meeting is less tragical than that of the earlier one; for, though the son Aleck is for years a wanderer, and Peggy and her father have to leave their dearly loved home in Antrim and find a refuge in the Isle of Wight, the three are re-united at last, and live happily ever afterwards. There are in *Peggy* passages of real pathos; and some of the writer's descriptions of the magnificent coast of Antrim, and notably of the fine old castle of Dunluce, are not unworthy to be compared with the descriptions of similar scenery in Mr. Robert Buchanan's noble romance, *The Shadow of the Sword*.

If Mr. Arrowsmith be seeking for another Hugh Conway—and that he is so seeking may be taken for granted—he has not hitherto met with the success which his pluck and enterprise undoubtedly deserve. At any rate, the author of *Fatal Shadows* is a very unsatisfactory substitute for the author of *Called Back*. Artistic faults the latter undoubtedly had; but he had one rare gift which atoned for many faults—the power of inventive construction, and this is the one thing that Mrs. Lewis lacks. We cannot get a really fresh plot every day; but a plot which is a little less threadbare than that of *Fatal Shadows* we have a clear right to expect. The young lady who is entrapped into marriage by a scoundrel; who is deserted by her husband; who reassumes her maiden name; and who is then wooed by an ideal hero, is the oldest of old acquaintances. We know that the husband will reappear; that when he reappears he will make himself very unpleasant; and that, after the lovers' feelings have been duly harrowed, he will conveniently

and finally be taken out of the way by a railway accident, a shipwreck, or an earthquake. This kind of thing not only deprives us of the pleasures of imagination, but induces the adoption of pessimist views of the future of English fiction; and the author whose work produces these deplorable results must be regarded with sorrow, if not with anger. In justice to Mrs. Lewis, it must be added that the character of Bee Hardy is an oasis in the desert of *Fatal Shadows*. She is really bright and lifelike.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

CANON OVERTON'S brief handbook of *The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century* (Longmans) will attract many minds to a more extended study of the religious characteristics of the last century. It is permeated, as are all his writings, with admirable taste, and with kindly feeling towards those professing a different form of faith to himself. There is, perhaps, a trace of exaggeration in the opening sentences on the religious activity in the Church of England under the good Queen Anne; and his explanation of the blight which fell on the Church during the reigns of her successors still leaves something to be desired. Less excusable are the sentences describing the influence which the writers of the Evangelical Revival exercised in preventing the growth in England of the doctrines prevalent in France at the time of the Revolution. We cannot believe, though the assertion is put forward by her friends, that the poems of Hannah More acted as checks to the dissemination of the principles proclaimed by our lively neighbours in 1792. Canon Overton summarises the lives of the chief ministers and laymen from Wesley to Wilberforce, analyses the literature and doctrines of the Revival, and, with a few pages discussing the opposition to the religious awakening, sums up the results of the movement. He gives unusual prominence to the labours of Romaine, pronouncing him "the strongest man connected with the Evangelical branch of the Revival." Poor Toplady, on the other hand, is very curtly dismissed. The name of his living is not quite accurately spelt on p. 85, and his name is altogether omitted from the index. One of the most interesting passages in this little work specifies the manner in which Wesley gradually adopted the ceremonies which are now considered the peculiar attributes of Wesleyan Methodism (pp. 55-57). From this and other sections of Canon Overton's volume many useful lessons may be gained.

The Spirit of Prayer. Part I. By William Law. (Glasgow: R. Barclay Murdoch.) This little treatise is marked by all the winning and eloquent earnestness of *A Serious Call*. It differs from that treatise, inasmuch as it is not merely practical, but is in epitome a systematic body of divinity. We see that the author has thought out the great problems connected with man's destiny and his relations to the supernatural world, and he offers to us here his solution of them. It is written in simple, earnest language. There is no parade of learning; and yet as we read we feel that the writer must have been conversant with patristic lore. Again and again the words of some of the fathers are recalled to our minds. William Law begins by considering the nature of man, his fall, and in what it consisted. It was no arbitrary punishment, but was necessarily brought on by man's own action. The nature of Adam when first created was formed out of "a heavenly immateriality," the material of the Glassy Sea of the book of the

Revelation, whence the angels derive and form their materiality such as it is, and which is continually mirroring and bringing forth all forms of beauty. As long as this heavenly materiality was intact within man, he dwelt "in an outward body and outward world, incapable of receiving any impression from them, and able to rule them at his pleasure." He could not know either earth's good or evil. The fall brought him into contact with earth's sensible things, and henceforth they rule over him. The heavenly immateriality is exchanged for an earthly, and this he must transmit to his posterity. Yet because of, and through, the promise there is still this pearl of eternity, susceptible of impressions of God and the supernatural hidden within him. There is no lasting reality in the phenomena to which he has subjected himself. All will fail at last, and return to a "heavenly materiality"—be absorbed in the Glassy Sea. By means of this latent heavenly immateriality within him "Christ is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is to this in him that every preacher can make appeal to every man of every race or creed. Herein Law agrees with Tertullian's "O testimonium anime naturaliter Christiane." But this universal capability of salvation does not at all imply universalism as now understood. Law lays utmost stress on "this great fundamental doctrine that man in his fallen state, and unredeemed, must have been eternally lost." There is in every man heaven and hell, and a necessary endless continuity of either life. But regeneration may take place, hell may be cast out, the heavenly nature may rule again. The need of water as well as of the Spirit in baptism is ingeniously explained. The heavenly immateriality, the one element in Paradise, is called water, a Glassy Sea. And man, among other consequences, when baptised and regenerate, has "this pearl of eternity, which is the Church, or Temple of God within thee, the consecrated place of worship where alone thou canst worship God in spirit and in truth." Law probably meant little more by this and what follows it than St. Augustine did when he wrote (we quote from memory): "Do you wish to enter into the Temple, enter into thyself and pray there, for thou art the Temple of God." But the publishers of this treatise, belonging to the Friends, evidently, and not unnaturally, understand it as meaning more. They take it as upholding and sanctioning their own tenets. And viewing the work in this light we cannot be surprised at the warmth of commendation in the preface, and at the loving care with which it has been so admirably printed and sent forth. To all who can value genuine piety, unalloyed earnestness, beauty of thought and expression, to whom mysticism, when thus expressed, even if they differ from it, is one of the forms of highest poetry, to all such we can heartily commend this little volume. Part ii. has been commenced in the magazine, *Witness for Truth*, lately started by the same publishers. It seems to be a more practical enforcement of the principles laid down in Part i.

The Bible and the Age. By Cuthbert Collingwood. (Fisher Unwin.) This work relates to a subject which has ever had an irresistible fascination for minds of a certain order—the allegorical interpretation of the Bible. It would indeed be easy to show that such an interpretation is a legitimate outcome as well of the claims of the Bible as a revelation, as of the difficulties connected with its literal signification. Nor would it be hard to prove that the services rendered by this mystical method, both to the Church and to individuals, have been great. But for this very reason we cannot agree with Mr. Collingwood that a new application of this method is desirable, or that

it is demanded by "the age." He must surely, taking the widest possible conspectus, have sorely misread the signs of the times. The Bible and its theory now occupy a far different position from that which in former times rendered allegory a convenient solvent of their difficulties. Nor does Mr. Collingwood seem to us to have taken a philosophical view of his chosen method. He never condescends to notice, that allegory without some limits may run into the wildest extravagances. That there are parts of the Bible still open to symbolical rendering we should be far from denying, but they form but a small portion of the whole. Mr. Collingwood's method may be made clear by a single quotation. This is how he allegorises the story of Eve having been formed from Adam's rib (p. 184):

"Now in this sleep it is represented that a bone, and a bone of the breast (rib), was taken from him with a special object. A bone—because a bone possesses but a low vitality—and a bone of the breast, because, being near to the heart (the seat of affection), it was yet dear to him. And so in this ownership, dear as it was to the man, there yet was but little true vitality. And this use of the word bone for this purpose is illustrated by the vision of dry bones in Ezekiel. We need hardly quote the words of this well-known passage, but simply point out that the bones have the same meaning as in Genesis ii.; for this self-hood or feeling of ownership in man is as we have said not a self existence, but as viewed by God a dead thing, and like bones, very dry," &c.

This curious exegesis is a little like that of Swedenborg (see *Arc. Celest.* i. 57); indeed Mr. Collingwood manifests considerable affinities with that most famous of modern allegorists. We fear most critics will regard his work as another illustration of the well-known verdict that unrestrained allegorism is "fecunda mater errorum, superstitionum, fanaticarumque opinionum."

The Great Commission, by James Russell Woodford (Rivingtons), consists of lectures addressed to candidates for Holy Orders by the late Bishop of Ely. Their qualities are indicated not obscurely by Bishop Woodford's well-known character and opinions. Redolent of piety and devotion, their tone is too ecclesiastical to be healthy, at least for normally constituted Christians. Those who have been trained to relish and digest such diet will doubtless find much in them that they can assimilate.

The Dawn of Manhood, by John Clifford ("The Christian Commonwealth"), is a series of twelve sermons addressed to young men. They are marked by the qualities which distinguish their author's utterances whether in the pulpit or the press. Extremely fervid and forcible, they suffer from a lack of proportion in the thought as well as of simplicity in style. Dr. Clifford may be reminded of the proverb, that he is not a great painter who insists upon painting with a big brush.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER's new work, *The Science of Thought*, will appear next week. It forms a large volume of nearly 700 pages. A German translation of it is advertised by Dr. Schneider, well known by his *Dialecti Latine Præe et Falsæ Exemplæ Selecta*. A Russian translation also is to appear by Prof. Mandelstam of St. Petersburg. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have secured the copyright for America.

THE concluding volumes of the new edition of the *Imperial Gazetteer of India* will probably be published by Messrs. Trübner during next month. Not only has the whole work been carefully revised, incorporating the results of the Census of 1881 and other recent statistics; but additions have been made throughout that

will augment the number of volumes from nine to fourteen. In particular, the index has been so much improved that it will make a volume by itself of some 400 pages, forming an invaluable storehouse of reference not only for local details, but also for the facts of Indian history, both ancient and modern. In order to still further increase the utility of the work, Sir W. Hunter is already preparing a condensed edition in a single volume, which, by the help of close printing in double columns, will comprise all the more important and interesting material to be found in the larger edition, though only one fourth of the actual quantity. We may add that Sir W. Hunter, who has now served the full period of twenty-five years that qualifies him for a pension, is coming home this spring on furlough.

WE understand that the Life of the late Bishop of Ripon will be published by Messrs. Rivington in the course of next week. It contains recollections of Lord Langdale, the Rev. C. Simeon, the late Dean Alford, Canon Melville, and other celebrities whom the late bishop knew during his career, which is itself fully described. There is a preface by his cousin, the present Bishop of Exeter; and the work has been edited by the late bishop's youngest son, the Rev. Cyril Bickersteth, vicar of Pudsey, Yorks.

A NEW Life of Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, by the Rev. J. H. Lupton, sur-master of that school, will shortly be published by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons. It will contain a portrait of Colet, copied in photointaglio from the excellent engraving which is given in Holland's *Heroologia*.

UNDER the title of *The Best Books*, Mr. W. Swan Sonnenschein has in the press a classified bibliography of about 25,000 current books in all departments of literature, with the prices, sizes, dates of first and last editions, and the publisher's name of each. The following is the classification of subjects adopted:—Christianity, Non-Christian Religion and Mythology, Philosophy, Society, Geography and Ethnography, History and Antiquities, Biography, Science, Arts and Trades, Literature and Philology. The work will form a quarto volume of about 650 pages.

A WORK on *Russian and French Prisons* is announced by Messrs. Ward & Downey, from the pen of Prince Krapotkine, who will be able to speak with the authority of personal acquaintance. The author still bears signs of the illness that was induced by his incarceration in a French prison. The book will contain a plan of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

THE author of the popular poems, "Betsy Lee," "Fo'c'stle Yarns," &c., the Rev. T. E. Brown, of Clifton College, is about to publish a volume of Manx stories. The title will be *The Doctor, and Other Stories*, and the publishers Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Mr. Brown's previous volumes were written in the rhymed *patois* of Manxland; his prose work will also illustrate the home talk of his own countrypeople.

A VOLUME, entitled *A Misunderstood Miracle*, by the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, author of *Folk-Etymology*, will be produced by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co. shortly. It is an independent examination on philological principles of the narrative of Joshua's miracle, commonly understood to mean "the standing still of the sun," and arrives at a result very different from the traditional interpretation.

THE Rev. H. Grattan Guinness's Lectures on "Romanism and the Reformation from the standpoint of Prophecy," now being delivered at Exeter Hall, will be published in a

volume at an early date by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

UNDER the title *For Further Consideration* Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new volume of essays, by Mr. Edward Butler, author of "For Good Consideration."

A NEW work by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, entitled *Creation or Evolution*, will be published in this country by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

DR. ALFRED CARPENTER hopes to issue next week a work of interest to educationists and social reformers, entitled *The Principles and Practice of School Hygiene*. There will be special chapters on the cure and prevention of disease in the family. The book—which will be profusely illustrated—will be published by Mr. Joseph Hughes.

MESSRS. SKEFFINGTON will publish in a few days a novel by H. J. Wilmot Buxton, entitled *The Sweet o' the Year*.

With my Father, a manual of private prayer for young people of both sexes, by the Rev. E. Hobson, Principal and Chaplain of St. Katharine's College, Tottenham, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

MR. JOSEPH HUGHES has just issued Mr. Marmaduke Hewitt's *Manual of our Mother-Tongue*. The same publisher also announces Sir George W. Cox's *History of England and the English People*.

MR. THOMAS GREENWOOD is preparing for publication a shilling edition of his *Free Public Libraries*. The book has been to a large extent rewritten, and brought down to date throughout.

MESSRS. CROSSBY, LOCKWOOD, & Co., announce the following new books and new editions:—*The Practical Engineer's Handbook: a Treatise on Modern Engines and Boilers—Marine, Locomotive, and Stationary*, by Walter S. Hutton; *Factory Accounts: their Principles and Practice (a Handbook for Accountants and Manufacturers)*, by Emile Garcke and J. M. Fells; *A Pocket Glossary of Technical Terms in French-English and English-French*: with a large number of Tables of French and English Weights, Measures, and Calculations, by J. J. Fletcher; *Notes and Formulae for Mining Students*, by J. H. Merivale, professor of mining in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle; *Drainage of Lands, Towns, and Buildings*, by the late G. D. Dempsey, revised, with large additions on Recent Practice in Drainage Engineering, by D. Kinnear Clark; *Screw Threads and Methods of producing them*, by Paul N. Hasluck. The following new volumes of a New Series of "Handybooks for Handicraft," each with upwards of 100 illustrations:—*The Wood Turner's Handybook and The Watch Jobber's Handybook*, both by P. N. Hasluck. A second edition, revised, with the statistics brought down to date, of Mr. R. Hunt's *British Mining: a Treatise on the History, Discovery, Practical Development, and Future Prospects of Metaliferous Mines in the United Kingdom*; *De Fivass' Elementary French Grammar and Reader*, second edition; *A Treatise on Modern Horology*, translated from the French of Claudius Saunier, by Julien Trippin and Edward Rigg, second edition; *The Pocket Technical Guide, Measurer, and Estimator for Builders and Surveyors*, by A. C. Beaton; *Handbook of House Property: its Purchase, Tenancy, Valuation, and Erection, with Elucidations of Fine Art*, by E. L. Tarbuck, fourth edition. Also the following new editions in "Weale's Rudimentary Series":—*Land and Engineering Surveying*, by T. Baker, fourteenth edition, revised by the late J. R. Young;

Pneumatics, including Acoustics, and the Phenomena of Wind Currents, for the Use of Beginners, by Charles Tomlinson, fourth edition; *Building Estates*, by Fowler Maitland, second edition.

MR. KARL BLIND has been elected an honorary member of the North-Western Literary and Historical Society of Iowa.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PROF. HALE'S recent lecture on "Parliament Hill and its Associations"—a subject of some interest just now in connexion with the Hampstead Heath extension movement—will be published in the April and May numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE April number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) will contain a memorial notice of the late Arthur Burgess by Mr. Ruskin, together with a selection of the woodcuts prepared for the unfinished portion of the "Proserpina," drawn by Mr. Ruskin and engraved by Arthur Burgess; a photogravure of a heightened version of the cartoon of Aquila and Priscilla for the decoration of the chapel at Eaton Hall, by Frederick Shields; and some poems and articles on art subjects by various contributors.

THE April number of the *Magazine of Art* will contain an article on Van Dyck, by Mr. J. A. Blaikie, illustrated by five engravings of pictures, exhibited in the late collection of the artist's works at the Grosvenor Gallery. In the same number, Mr. Alfred St. Johnston will give an account of the revival of the manufacture of Cameo-Glass, which, until lately, had been reckoned among the lost arts. In his "Glimpses of Artist Life," Mr. Spielmann describes the ungrateful labours of "The Hanging Committee." Mr. Joseph Grego contributes a memoir of the late Randolph Caldecott, illustrated by some of his unpublished sketches.

THE *Century Magazine* for April will contain an article on Canterbury Cathedral by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, with several illustrations by Joseph Pennell; the first of a series of amusing papers by Mark Twain, entitled "English as She is Taught"; the continuation of the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and Frank R. Stockton's novel "The Hundredth Man"; a contribution by Joel Chandler Harris, entitled "Little Compton," with illustrations by A. B. Frost. "Some Portraits of Hawthorne" are treated by George Parsons Lathrop, and Edward Atkinson contributes a paper on "The Margin of Profits."

SIR PHILIP MAGNUS is engaged on a series of papers for the *Practical Teacher*, entitled "Technical Training in our Elementary Schools."

AN original picture by Hal Ludlow, called "Waiting for a Game," is being reproduced in colours, to form the frontispiece to the April number of *Little Folks*.

THE April issue of *St. Nicholas* will contain a paper by Mrs. Pennell on Harrow-on-the-Hill, to which Mr. Pennell will supply seven illustrations; an operetta, written by E. S. Brooks, with music by Frederic Preston, entitled "The Children's Crusade"; and an article on "Working Monkeys," by Olive Thorne Miller, illustrated.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. SAYCE writes from Tunis that he was obliged to give up his trip to Sicily in consequence of the cholera which has broken out in this country, and that he will go to Malta, Naples, Rome (where he intends to stay several

days), and return to England at the beginning of April.

MR. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum, will deliver a course of eight lectures on "Latin Palaeography" at Oxford next term, at the request of the curators of the Bodleian Library and the delegates of the common university fund. The arrangements for the lectures are being made by Mr. Robinson Ellis. Mr. Ellis himself, we may add, intends to start immediately for Italy, and will probably not return until the very end of next term.

MR. MARGOLIOUTH has left Oxford for Florence, where he will copy the Syriac commentary on the *Poetics* of Aristotle, by Barhebraeus, which will appear in his forthcoming work, *Eastern Documents on the "Poetics."*

DURING his stay at Christiania this winter Dr. Henry Sweet gave a course of three lectures at the university on the "Practical Study of Languages." The lectures, which were delivered in English, had such a large audience that it was found necessary to hold the two last in the Festival of the university instead of in one of the ordinary lecture-rooms.

THE Hebdomadal Council at Oxford has issued a statute, which will come up for consideration in Congregation next term, for the establishment of an Honours School of Modern Languages, constituting an eighth school for the second public or final examination. The subjects of examination are to be the languages and literatures of the Teutonic, the Romanic or Neo-Latin, and the Celtic groups. Each candidate may offer as his principal subject either English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, or Irish and Welsh. The examination in each language is to include the different periods of its history. The examination in English is to include necessarily the Anglo-Saxon period. Candidates offering English or German will be examined in Gothic, and those who offer French, Italian, or Spanish will be examined in Latin. The literature of the language is to form an essential part of the examination. Written composition is to be a necessary part, and the colloquial use of a language an optional part of the examination. The subject or subjects in which the candidate obtains honours is to be notified in the class list; and this provision, together with another—that a candidate who has obtained honours in any one of the languages specified may subsequently offer any other of them, so long as he is not of more than twenty terms standing—will constitute, in fact, six separate though allied examinations in which honours may be obtained.

THE Oxford Philological Society has passed a resolution signifying its general agreement with the views expressed in the "Pronunciation of Latin in the Augustan Period," of which a summary was given in the *ACADEMY* of last week; and its opinion that it is desirable that the scheme be generally adopted in practice, singling out for particular mention the pronunciation of the vowels and of the three letters, *c*, *g*, and *t* when preceding *i*, and the careful observation of the quantities as recommended. In Cambridge a committee, consisting of representatives from all colleges, is engaged in the task of introducing the reformed pronunciation of Latin into practical teaching. It is hoped that the new academical year will see it in full working.

WHILE the delegates of the common university fund at Oxford have already instituted a readership in geography, to be paid for entirely out of academical funds, and have announced their intention of electing to the post next term, the council of the senate at Cambridge have adopted a less ambitious scheme, in closer dependence upon the Royal Geographical

Society. For the present—i.e., for the current year—they propose that the university should approve (1) the delivery of one or more courses of lectures on geography, by lecturers provided by the society; (2) the appointment next year of a university lecturer in geography, to be paid £50 by the university and £150 a year by the society; and (3) the offer of the society to award in alternate years an exhibition of £100 or prizes of £50 and £25.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have approved Mr. J. H. Poynting, of Trinity College, for the degree of Doctor in Science.

THE University of Edinburgh proposes to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon (among others) Mr. H. J. Roby, of Manchester; Prof. Edward Dowden, of Dublin; M. Francisque Michel; and Mr. C. J. Lyall, of the Bengal Civil Service.

THOUGH residents at Oxford are, no doubt, well acquainted with the *Rattle*, we may be allowed to call the attention of former members of the university to this curious periodical, which comes to life (we believe) only during the week when the torpid races are being rowed, but is then vivacious enough to appear every day. The contents, however, are by no means confined to subjects of aquatic interest. Some of the articles, as well as the format, recall the great days of the *Oxford Spectator*, which must now, we suppose, be *introuvable* in its original issue. The *Rattle* is published by Mr. J. Oliver, 47 George Street, Oxford.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

Φωδέντα σὺν τοῖσιν.

"Put case you can't catch sense," the Parleyer says.

"Can you catch sunlight, staring at the sun?
Yet south piazza swelters:

"Trick o' th' phrase
Kindles heart-cockles: public has to sun
Where, with intolerable beams to crown 't,
Lawgiver brings his table from the Mount."

Smite us, we answer, with miraculous rod;
Our beastlike idols, falsely deemed of gold,
Break small, come down from communing with
God:

But let your meaning, like your visage, shine
Reveal the message yonder thunders hold;
The priest is human, but the cloud divine:
Truth has two aspects: one is for the crowd,
Doubtful and dark; and haply so forever
Must it remain, to hinder rash endeavour:
For many needs must go with faces bowed
On pain of drinking blindness from the cloud
Whose ministry, of old, has been to sever
The chosen people from the dull and proud:
Yet none the less to shine on those who never
Cease from Truth's praises—rather deep than
loud.

—To these an aureole, to those a shroud.

But a vexed stammerer, weighted with his
matter,
Aaronless Moses, slow of tongue as he,
Brightening inwardly the cup and platter,
While the outside is foul and rough to see—
Wilt make us leave our flesh-pots in the sand
For milk and honey of the Promised Land?

K.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE article on "Public Crosses of Nottingham," in the *Antiquary*, is a useful record. Before the change in religious feeling which swept over England in the sixteenth century, it is probable that, exclusive of those in churchyards, there was hardly a village in England which had not its cross. Markets were commonly held in the neighbourhood of the cross; and so it has come about that many

persons who are ignorant of the ways of our ancestors have fancied that the stump of an old cross is evidence that there was in former days a market held at the place where it exists. This is a mere groundless fancy, as a little consideration would convince all our readers who dwell in rural places. The Cross Tree, White Cross, Thorn Cross, and such like names are of constant occurrence far away from any "market stead." Mr. Hibbert's "Beginners in Business" is an entertaining paper. We know as yet very little as to the way in which business was carried on in our large towns in former days. Evidence on such a matter is peculiarly liable to perish. Trade account-books seldom found their way among the public records, and it is to be feared that many of our noble and gentle families which have sprung from behind the counter have been anxious to hide their origin. This, where it exists, is a prejudice of modern growth. Among the shopkeepers of London in the time of Elizabeth members of some of the oldest and noblest families in England held a honoured place. Mr. J. J. Foster's account of Sir Isaac Newton's birthplace, Woolsthorpe Manor, is illustrated by engravings which give a very good representation of the plain, unpretentious building in which the great mathematician first saw the light of day. Mr. Foster has not added to the biographical details with which we are familiar. It is much to be wished that some competent genealogist with spare time on his hands would investigate Newton's pedigree in the female lines as well as the male. Those who hold that intellect as well as physical characteristics are hereditary would be very grateful for such work if done with absolute accuracy. Surely the pedigree of Newton is as well worth a niche in the memory of mankind as the host of obscure persons whose lineage gets printed in books of reference just because wealth or obedience to a prime minister has caused some member of the family to be gratified by a peerage.

THE *Revue Internationale* has made a decided advance since its migration from Florence to Rome. Its articles have a more substantial character, and the editor has evidently learnt how to say "No" to kind contributors. In the last number (March) the first article, on the "Relations between the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg," by * * * should be read by everybody who has examined the remarkable essay on Russia in the last *Fortnightly Review*. The "Journal Intime" of Benjamin Constant contains one of the most fascinating autobiographical vivisections which has ever been published. It does not raise our estimate of the man's character; but for a knowledge of the time and the men and women with whom he came in contact—Mme. de Staël, Mme. Recamier, Mme. de Krudener, and many others—it is an invaluable find. M. Naville's article on the "Referendum" is very instructive after M. Laveleye's writing on the same subject. A Lithuanian novel by Wichert, called "Madle," is at all events original. The "Correspondence" from Paris, Berlin, and Brussels, comes evidently from well-informed quarters. The English agents for the *Revue Internationale* are Messrs. Trübner.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DECK, Th. La Faience. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.
FRANKLIN, A. La Vie privée d'autrefois: arts et métiers, modes, mœurs, usages des Parisiens du 12^e au 18^e siècle. Paris: Plon. 7 fr.
GROTH, P. Grundriss der Edelsteinkunde. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.
HEUSLER, A. Die Weissagung der Seherin. Aus dem Altnord. übers. u. erläutert. Berlin: Reimer. 1 M. 50 Pf.
KLÖPPER, P. Staat u. Gesellschaft. Gotha: Perthes. 8 M.

- KOCH, A. Fürst Alexander v. Bulgarien. Darmstadt: Bergstrasser. 6 M.
L'ALPHABÈRE ACTUELLE. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
LE PAULMIER. Ambroise Paré, d'après de nouveaux documents découverts aux archives nationales et des papiers de famille. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 60 c.
LUGENBUHL, R. Ph. Alb. Stapfer, helvetischer Minister der Künste u. Wissenschaften (1768-1840). Basel: Detloff. 8 M.
MORSCH, A. Der italienische Kirchengesang bis Palestrina. Berlin: Oppenheim. 3 M. 50 Pf.
REINHARDSTORFFNER, C. v. Aufsätze u. Abhandlungen, vornehmlich zur Literaturgeschichte. Berlin: Oppenheim. 5 M.
SETTGAST, F. Die Ehre in den Liedern der Troubadours. Leipzig: Veit. 1 M. 35 Pf.
VOCKE, W. Die Abgaben, Anlagen u. die Steuer vom Standpunkte der Geschichte u. der Sittlichkeit. Stuttgart: Cotta. 10 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- SCHOLZ, A. Commentar zum Buche Judith. Würzburg: Woerl. 3 M.
TOBIAS BEN ELIESER, Lekach Tob. (Pesikta Sutrata.) Ein agad. Kommentar zu Megillat Ruth. Mit Commentar versehen v. S. Bamberger. I. Leipzig: Schulze. 2 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ACTA historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Tom. 9. Cardinalis Hsai epistolarum tom. II. 1581-1588. Pars I. Cracow: Friedlein. 24 M.
BAUM, A. Magistrat u. Reformation in Strassburg bis 1529. Strassburg: Heitz. 4 M. 50 Pf.
BAUMGARTEN, H. Geschichte Karls V. 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Stuttgart: Cotta. 7 M.
BEKKER, I. Ueb. den Streit der historischen u. der philosophischen Rechtsschule. Heidelberg: Winter. 2 M.
BRUNNENMEISTER, E. Das Tötungsverbrechen im altromischen Recht. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 5 M.
CHUQUET, A. Les guerres de la Révolution: Valmy. Paris: Cerf. 3 fr. 50 c.
FETZER, C. A. Voruntersuchungen zu a. Geschichte d. Pontificats Alexanders II. Strassburg: Heitz. 1 M. 50 Pf.
GONZAGA, B. C. Casa Filangieri. Antico manoscritto di Carlo de Lellis sulla famiglia Filangieri conservato nella Biblioteca Nazionale di Napoli. Naples: Detken. 15 M.
REGESTEN der Pfalzgrafen am Rhein 1214-1400. 1. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 1 M.
TESTA, R. M. Napoli nella seconda metà del secolo nono. Naples: Detken. 2 fr.
VOYAGE de M. d'Aramon, Ambassadeur pour le Roy en Levant, écrit par noble homme Jean Chesneau, p. p. Ch. Schefer. Paris: Leroux. 20 fr.
WEISS, J. B. Lehrbuch der Weltgeschichte. 8. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Wien: Braumüller. 10 M.
WISSE, F. Das langobardische Fürstengrab u. Reihengrabfeld v. Civezzano. Innsbruck: Wagner. 2 M. 40 Pf.
ZALTINGER, O. v. Die Schöffenbarfreien des Sachsen-spiegels. Untersuchungen zur Geschichte d. Standesverhältnisse in Deutschland. Innsbruck: Wagner. 6 M. 40 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DEVEREA, G. La frontière Sino-Annamite. Paris: Leroux. 20 fr.
HAAS, H. J. Die Leitfossilien. Synopsis der geologisch wichtigsten Formen d. vorweltl. Tier- u. Pflanzenreichs. Leipzig: Veit. 7 M.
HEBB, J. Ph. Lehrbuch der sphärischen Astronomie in ihrer Anwendung auf geographische Ortsbestimmung. Nach dessen Tode vollendet v. W. Tinter. Wien: Seidel. 16 M.
KLEBS, R. Gastropoden im Bernstein. Königsberg: Hübner. 2 M.
LEILLMANN, E. Principien der organischen Synthese. Berlin: Oppenheim. 10 M.
PREYER, W. Die Bewegungen der Seesterne. Berlin: Friedländer. 7 M.
RABUS, L. Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie. Erlangen: Deichert. 4 M.
SALVADORI, T. Elenco degli Uccelli italiani. Turin: Loescher. 10 fr.
SYE, Ch. G. Beiträge zur Anatomie u. Histologie v. Iacra marina. Kiel: Lipsius. 2 M.
WEITSTEIN, R. v. Vorarbeiten zu e. Pilzflora v. Steiermark. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 2 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BRIEL, A. De Callistrato et Philonide sive de actionibus Aristophaneis. Berlin: Weidmann. 1 M. 60 Pf.
CAUSERET, Ch. Etude sur la langue de la rhétorique et de la critique littéraire dans Cicéron. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
ENGEL, E. Die Aussprache d. Griechischen. Ein Schnitt in e. Schulzopf. Jena: Costenoble. 2 M. 50 Pf.
FRAGMENTS d'une vie de Saint Thomas de Canterbury en vers acouplés. p. p. Paul Meyer. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
LEVI, S. Vocabolario geografico copto-ebraico. Vol. I. Turin: Loescher. 30 fr.
MEYER, E. H. Homer u. die Ilias. Berlin: Oppenheim. 4 M. 50 Pf.
MISTÈRE du viel Testament. p. p. le Baron James de Rothschild. T. V. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
SENART, E. Etudes sur les inscriptions de Piyadasi. T. 2^e et dernier. Paris: Leroux. 20 fr.
TROIS VERSIONS RIMÉES de l'évangile de Nicodème, par Chrétien, André de Coutances et un anonyme, p. p. G. Paris et A. Bos. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 8 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A LOOK ROUND LITERATURE."

Isle of Man: March 8, 1887.

The differences of opinion between Mr. Buchanan and myself are so unimportant that it is a pity to suggest an idea of controversy, but I wish to say a word in answer to his letter.

I think that George Eliot has done harm to imaginative literature, because she has cultivated a taste for the prose of every-day life. She has not attempted in fiction what Wordsworth achieved in poetry—to flood the commonest incidents in the light of imagination, to reveal a familiar landscape under the unfamiliar charm of moonlight. That combination of the actual and the supernatural makes half the difference between *Macbeth* and *Robinson Crusoe*, for both are real, and both are imaginative. George Eliot's intellectual force and great literary power are apparent in every line she wrote; but her veracity and her imagination are perhaps seen at their best in the first part of *Silas Marner* only. There the imagination is the imagination of metaphysics, and the realism is the realism of the "pots and pans" of life. Compare George Eliot's realism and imagination in this best part of her work with the realism and imagination of so slight a thing as Wordsworth's "We are Seven." The veracity is about equal, but how different the imagination! *Macbeth* is more realistic than Holingshed's Chronicle; but its realism is imaginative—it is the familiar bathed in the light of the unfamiliar.

I do not base my hopes of a romantic revival on any imitation of *Peter Wilkins*, and I think that sort of work very cheap, and likely to be very short-lived. I remember that Coleridge said that if a man wanted to make a sensation he could not do it easier than by resorting to the marvellous as seen in *Peter Wilkins* as distinguished from the real as seen in *Robinson Crusoe*. I have no flove of what Mr. Buchanan calls "imaginative rioting," chiefly because I find little imagination in it, and only a little fancy. It seems to me that the author of the "other veiled woman Ayesha," in his hatred of the realism of France and his contempt for the realism of America, in his determination not to be beastly, and his unwillingness to sit down and draw a copy more or less feeble of feeble men and feeble manners, has fallen into the error of thinking that he can invent both men and manners too. I am sure it is a mistake; and when the people who delight in his new universe have realised that having come out of nothing it has gone into chaos, they will no doubt play their olden game of whipping their spoiled child for allowing them to spoil him. But he is a man of genius as sure as I am the author of *God and the Man*; and when his "imaginative rioting" is over he will show the power of the imagination that can work within the limits of nature and actual life, and yet is not bound down to the said pots and pans.

Meantime, I regard a new *Peter Wilkins* as a more hopeful sign for imaginative literature than another *Sir Percival* would be.

HALL CAINE,

THE MANX Runic INSCRIPTIONS.

Canon's Ashby: March 15, 1887.

Canon Taylor has mentioned the casts of inscriptions in my possession, but he has misunderstood the information I gave him concerning them. These casts were made in 1841, by W. Bally of Manchester, for a Mr. Jones; but I know no more about that gentleman nor the use that he made of them. There is a copy of one (the slender Kirk Braddan cross) in the Kensington Museum. Only two

are casts of the whole stones, the others being of the inscriptions only. My casts are of the following numbers in Cumming's book: 1a, 8c, 9c, 10a, 12b, 13d, 21, 22abed, 26ab, 28ab, and 29. Mr. Cumming came here to examine my set.

The casts which Mr. Cumming had made, the cost of which I and others helped to defray, were made in 1854 or 1855 by a caster whose name I do not know; and these were a complete set of the whole stones of that day then known—not inscriptions only. I never saw these. They were all turned out of the college, and nearly all destroyed, soon after Mr. Cumming left the island, by the college authorities. Some were stuck in the ground for the boys to play leap-frog over. The product of £70 or or £80 was wasted, except so far as it assisted in the publication of the book.

Casts are in general far preferable to the originals for ascertaining intricate carving or inscriptions, because they are of a uniform dead white, free from speckle, and they can be placed in various lights. There are many cases where wet paper squeezes, if on proper paper and recently done, are preferable to either originals or casts. The moulds are always open to this: small particles of the clay or plaster (as the case may be) may adhere to the stone, and of course these cause erroneous excrescences in the cast. Usually the fault is perfectly easy to detect. Any tampering with a cast from corroded stone is patent. The squeezes sent to Canon Taylor have been taken from the casts, and are one degree less good than they would have been if taken from the stones in 1841. As 150,000 people are landed in the island every summer, we may presume that they are better than if taken from the stones now. Photographs are of little use for deciphering letters, as many lines and slight traces will not show in the light of any one period of day.

H. DRYDEN.

Oxford: March 14, 1887.

Canon Isaac Taylor goes on arguing from the shadow (a hollow, distorted shadow), instead of from the thing that cast the shadow. I have been on the spot, seen *cumu* on the stone, yet he goes on arguing and drawing inferences as if there stood *cuinu*. I have seen the Ballaugh Cross, and read thereon the names Olave, Liotulb, and Ulb. This is manifest even to the dimmest and dullest of eyes, for the runes are almost as distinct as they were when first carved. This is admitted (privately) by your Manx runologist, yet the canon goes on arguing from his casts that it must be a Thurlaib, Theodulf, Ub, and so on. Now, the difference between a copy and an original is this, that whenever they differ the copy goes to the wall, just as when your watch is behind time you send the watch, not the sun, for repair.

A cabman who argues from what he has seen is better than either clerk or canon arguing from the shadow of a thing he has not seen. I have been on the spot, dug out the crosses, seen and read what is thereon; and Canon Isaac Taylor has not. I have taken some trouble to make sure of my facts, and he has taken none. He further appeals from me to a gentleman who neither knows Norse nor runes—*crede experto* used to be said, *crede inexperto* is the new device.

From this otherwise barren controversy I gather this fact, that the casts of 1841 were taken after the crosses had been immured or covered up with earth. The workman, one sees, did not bother about what was underground, and what was above ground he executed ill. By the way, "aucaithor," on the Conchan cross, is a mere misprint, long since noticed by me; transpose *i* and *th* and you are right. Further, the Distington cross in Cumberland I never saw; a copy was sent to me at Oxford, and it

was inserted in our paper (which I finished on October 6, ere leaving the Isle of Man). I forgot to mention this. Nineteen crosses I saw and read on the spot, the twentieth I saw not. Very sad; better, though, than to have seen none.

Canon Taylor never wrote to me, and never offered to me the use of his casts (those absurd, good-for-nothing casts, would they were clean out of court!) He wrote earnestly, I am told, to the editor of the *Manx Note-Book*, who lives in his native Isle. Informed of this, I at first dissuaded my Manx friend, and begged him not to make a stir about, as it were, of a bad copy and a fair original. But at last, pressed hard, I proposed that Canon Taylor should send his casts or rubbings to me here in Oxford, or, if he preferred, to a friend here whom I named, and I promised to have a look at them and to report on them; but he never sent any.

Canon Taylor, trusting in his casts, and not looking out for better information, last summer went into print about these vexed Manx runes; since then the originals, partly hidden underground when he wrote, have risen out of the earth to testify against him. Woe to me who have raised that ghost! for authors in the wrong or worsted are the most unreasonable creatures on this earth of ours. We are all of us so; and no better; rather than yield up our quills to the victor, as did the knights of old their swords, we fill graveyards with columns of dead print.

GUDBRAND VIGFUSSON.

P.S.—In my last letter (*ACADEMY*, March 5, p. 168, col. 1), line 28 from bottom, for "*v*," read "*u*"; and line 26 from bottom, for "*dustus*," read "*ductus*."

THE SURNAME "SHAKSPERE."

Oxford: March 12, 1887.

I am glad that I have succeeded in getting from Mr. H. Bradley the admission that the name "Shakspere" may really have originally meant "Shake-spear," being, perhaps, a popular designation for a lancer, and so may fall into the class of surnames derived from trades and occupations. So far so good. But he still seems to cling to the idea that it is more probable that "Shakspere" is a distortion of an Old-English personal name "Seaxberht." I think this latter theory will appear to most people to be in the highest degree improbable, for the very plain reason that there is such an enormous difference between the sounds of the two words. No one hearing "Saxbert" pronounced would have ever thought of the "shaking of a spear." But, supposing the phonetic difficulty is considered of no importance, there remains the historic difficulty. "Shakspere" is a name not known to us, I believe, before the fifteenth century. "Seaxberht" is a pre-Conquest form. It may also be noted that the name was so exceedingly rare in England that it does not once occur in the index to Sweet's *Oldest English Texts*. Would Mr. Bradley kindly give us the latest date of the occurrence of "Seaxberht" in any document of authority, and the earliest date of the occurrence of "Shakspere." I should not be surprised if it should be found that between these two dates there is a chasm of centuries; that, in fact, the Old-English name had died out generations before the first appearance of the name of the poet.

A. L. MAYHEW.

THE NAME "OXFORD."

Bristol: March 12, 1887.

I observe that Mr. Henry Bradley says (*ACADEMY*, March 12): "For me, as for Mr. Mayhew, 'Oxford' means 'ford for oxen.'"

This is not the first time that I have found myself in the perilous position of differing from Mr. Bradley in a matter of this kind, nor the first time that I have also perilously differed from the Rev. Mr. Mayhew. I hope I am not now guilty of a cumulative heresy in differing, as I now do, from both at once. I doubt, however, if in this case of Oxford "the obvious etymology is really the correct one."

I have several times exemplified that the most ancient names of many rivers were originally common to their trunks and their several branches, afterwards changed, in their several parts or members, but often by mere dialectal or tribal variations of the original name, but sometimes having left traces of the earlier names in the names of places on their banks. Thus we have York on the part of the Eure now called Ouse; Blanford = Vlanford = Alavna(ford)—perhaps at or near King Alfred's "Leonaforð," where Asser visited him—on the part of Ptolemy's Alauna that is now the Stour. Ile is a branch of the Ivel, the Uxella of Ptolemy; and others might be observed. So, also, the river Ock, although it joins the Isis or Ouse at Abingdon, below Oxford, has left its name, Ocksford, there, as well as a transition form at Oseney. Like a tree, a river and its branches formed one object to its first namers, the explorers from its mouth.

In fact, Oxford is far older than is thought by the people who live there. The St. Ebb's dedication there is not the Lady of Coldingham and St. Abb's Head. South of Durham her name marks no spot of land in England; nor is there any name like it, or that is likely to be a variety of it, south of her monastery at Ebbchester, in the bishopric of Durham, throughout all that largest area of England between that and Oxford, where—and at Shellsell, in the same county—dedications of St. Ebb are found that have been erroneously Godsibbed to her, and the name accordingly reduced to her form. These are in the midst of an insulated cluster of impressions upon the land of the name of St. Abban, one of the Irish missionaries who have left their names so plentifully over the South and West of England. Both shores of the Severn estuary swarm with their names, and some are still discernible as having penetrated from that inlet far into the land. The case of Maildolph = Mældubh, "Scotus," at Malmesbury, has overlapped into our accepted secular history. Tewkesbury = Theotysbyrg is probably another from Toit of Inis Toite (Mart. of Donegal, September 7). However, the two Oxfordshire St. Ebbs apparently form a part of a group all within pastoral or missionary reach of Abingdon, certainly known to have been originally "Abbandun"; and I believe the charters of Abingdon, published in the "Rolls" series (not this minute at hand), begin with a recital of the Celtic tradition of St. Abban. A fourth of the cluster is a place called St. Abbes, or "Tabs," near Eling, fourteen miles south of Abingdon. A fifth is "Abban Crundel," near Bedwin (Cod. Dipl. No. 1266). A sixth, "Abban wylle," at Bensington (Cod. Dipl. No. 1292). Mr. J. R. Green, indeed (*Making of England*), seems to acknowledge the personality of the Celtic colonist, but calls him "the West-Saxon Abba." But Mr. Green was one of the now retreating "English School," to whom all things were Saxon. At all events, this cluster of his footsteps indicates a missionary district—may we say an incipient *Parochia*, or a "Christianitie," a name by which some home, or central, archdeaconries are still known?—Christianised by this St. Abba. In this case Oxford must have existed, and been stamped with his name, in about the sixth century. St. Abb's Head exemplifies the reverse variation of the name of St. Ebb.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

THE PAPYRUS IN EUROPE.

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Feb. 19, 1887.

In the ACADEMY of this day (p. 129, "A Topographical Model of Syracuse") occurs this passage:

"Here is the little river Anapo, up which it is difficult to make your way in a boat, to pluck the papyrus that is stated to grow nowhere else in Europe."

Paper has been made out of papyrus from the Lago di Perugia (*Lacus Trasimenus*). Lady (Maria) Callcott (*A Scripture Herbal*, 1842, p. 379), under the heading of "The Paper-reed" (*Cyperus papyrus*), writes thus:

"Sir Joseph Banks possessed some paper made of the papyrus growing in the lake of Thrasymene (now the lake of Perugia)."

P. A. Micheli (*Nova Plantarum Genera juxta Tournefortii Methodum disposita*, Florentiae, 1729, p. 44) saw it growing spontaneously in the marshes of Calabria. His words on its habitat are as follows:

"In hortis nostris e Siciliæ udis habemus; in Calabriae palustribus sponte crescere vidimus; in Persio per Trasimenum Lacum, ubi Strabo libr. 5. crescere asserit, nondum perquisivimus."

Strabo (p. 226, ed. Casaubon) says:

ἔργον δὲ τούτων ἐστὶ καὶ ἡ Περούσια. προσλαμβάνουσι δὲ πρὸς τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν τῆς χώρας καὶ λίμναι μεγάλαι τε καὶ πολλὰὶ ὄσαι· καὶ γὰρ πλεονταὶ καὶ τρέφουσιν ὕψον πολλὸν καὶ τῶν πτηνῶν τὰ λιμναῖα· τύφη τε καὶ πάσσυρος ἀνέβηλε τε πολλὰ κατακοιζέται ποταμοῖς εἰς τὴν Ῥώμην, οὐδὲ ἐκδίδασιν αἱ λίμναι μέχρι τοῦ Τιβερίου, ὧν ἐστὶν ἡ τε Κιμνία, καὶ ἡ περὶ Βολσινίου, καὶ ἡ περὶ Κλοῦσιον καὶ ἡ ἐγγυτάτω τῆς Ῥώμης καὶ τῆς θαλάττης Σαβάτα, ἀπωτάτω δὲ καὶ δὴ πρὸς Ἀρρητίῳ ἡ Τρασουμένηνα.

It may be well to add that, as to Syracuse and its neighbourhood, the paper-reed is not found only on the Anapo (or Alfeo). It grows to a magnificent height on the banks of the Fiume Ciani, the scarcely smaller stream that, coming from the south, unites with the Anapo near where the latter falls into the Porto Grande. It flourishes round La Pisma, that deep spring from which the southern stream gushes, full-grown like the Axe rushing out of Wokey Hole, full-grown like Athené issuing from the head of Zeus—that dark-blue spring near which stood a shrine hallowed to Cyané (*Kύανη*, dark-blue), the *nixe* beloved by Anapis (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, v. 417), the river-god who bounded from the western heights to meet her.

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL.

[The papyrus grows also in a pond in a public garden at Catania; but it is probably a recent introduction.—ED. ACADEMY.]

GROTE'S MAPS OF SYRACUSE.

Lancing College: Feb. 27, 1887.

May I, while thanking you for your kind notice of my Model of Syracuse, venture through your columns to appeal to Mr. Murray to remedy the maps of Syracuse in Grote's *History of Greece*? The edition now generally used (1869) contains two maps bound into the end of vol. vii. These are identical with the maps in vol. viii. of the second edition (octavo, 1862), except that the plates seem worn. They are, I venture to say, inaccurate, and give a misleading idea of the ground. Any one who doubts should compare them with the Italian Government maps. Moreover, they contain misprints, Herapylon, Apaenian, Arethusa. Moreover, they do not correspond with the text: the night march of Demosthenes (vii., p. 143) is quite misrepresented. Moreover, explanation is not given of all the letters on the map. Those showing the night march, LXZV, are explained nowhere in vol. vii., not even on p. 144. Accurate maps of Syracuse can be obtained now. Could not Mr. Murray

get one engraved for a book which sells so well? At the same time some misprints should be remedied. The maps are not in vol. vi. but vol. vii. (vii. 84, note 2), the appendix is not in vol. vii. but in the middle of vol. viii. (vii. 89, 102, 113), though it ought to be in vol. vii.

F. HAVERFIELD.

ARNAULT'S "PAUVRE FEUILLE."

Saké: Feb. 28, 1887.

In Mr. W. M. Rossetti's beautiful edition of his brother's collected works, the famous lines by Arnault, "De ta tige détachée," &c., are attributed both in the index and in the text to Leopardi. It is quite possible that Dante Rossetti translated the little poem (which has been rendered into almost every European language) from the Italian version, and that in this way Leopardi's name crept in accidentally without a note of explanation. It is rather curious that, when first published, Arnault's authorship of the "Pauvre Feuille" was warmly contested, and various persons claimed to have composed it; but there seems to be no doubt whatever that the poem was really by him.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

"WHEEDLE."

London: Feb. 19, 1887.

Has it been noticed by your numerous correspondents that the Teutonic *wedeln* appears in Layamon's *Brut*?

I quote from Stratman's invaluable book, *WeoSeleden his fluhtes*, l. 2885. The word in question is glossed as *weoSeleden* = M. H. G., *wedelen*, *fluctuare*, otherwise *wivelede*. Here is no suggestion of feigning or of cajolery; and I consider, in the absence of direct proof, that "wheedle" may be a transposition of "wheeled," in the sense of circumventing, i.e., misleading or "getting round" one, as we say. The Teutonic *wedeln* (*fluctuare*) given by Flügel as "to wag or fan," supported by Sanders, has no authority, as I gather, for feigning or cajoling. True, *umwedeln* is translated "to fawn." One person may thus flatter another out of mere complaisance, without any sinister intent. When such fawning looks doubtful we call it "feigning"; and when the sinister motive becomes apparent, we use a stronger term and call it *wheeling*. If therefore, modern writers confuse "fawn" with "cajole," they insensibly transfer the incorrect meaning to their native word and invest it with a new application unknown to their ancestors, deceived, as I fancy, by the knowledge of a similar word in English.

A. HALL.

A CHARM.

Hampstead: March 5, 1887.

Below is a copy of a "charm" found by a friend of mine, a Staffordshire clergyman, among the effects of a certain widow in his parish, in 1875:

"Peter stood in a marble stone and Jesus coming by Peter What healest thou my tooth Thus greavously ake me Now Rise Peter & Be healed All those that have those lines in memory or in writing Shall never be troubled with the tooth Ake for thy name sake

"February 20, 1805."

E. H. HICKEY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 21, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Nine Formosa MSS.," by Mr. J. Colborne Baber; "Formosa Notes on MSS., Races and Languages," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Machines for testing Materials, especially Iron and Steel," I., by Prof. W. C. Unwin.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Krishna and Solar Myths," by the Rev. R. Collins.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Dualism in Augustin and Descartes," by Beatrice Brooksbank.

8 p.m. Teachers' Guild: "Sight Singing from the Staff Notation," by Mr. J. S. Curwen.

TUESDAY, March 22, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Function of Respiration," X., by Prof. A. Gamgee.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Treatment of Gun-Steel," by Col. E. Maitland.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "The Migration of the Eskimo," by Dr. H. Rink; "The Inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands," by Mr. Coutts Trotter; "Natives of the Solomon Islands," by Lieut. F. Elton.

WEDNESDAY, March 23, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Some of the Conditions affecting the Distribution of Micro-organisms in the Atmosphere," by Dr. Frankland.

8 p.m. Society of Literature: "The Ancient and Modern Literature of Gardening," by Mr. W. Paul.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Structures and Relations of some of the older Rocks of Brittany," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; "The Rocks of Sark, Herm, and Jethou," by the Rev. E. Hill; "Quartzite Boulders and Grooves in the Roger Mine at Dukinfield," by Mr. J. Radcliffe.

THURSDAY, March 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Science of Thought," II., by Prof. Max Müller.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Resistance of Faults in Submarine Cables," by Mr. A. E. Kennedy.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, March 25, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Indian Coffee," by Mr. F. Clifford.

8 p.m. Browning Society: "Browning's Realism," by Mr. James Lecky.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Colours of Thin Plates," by Lord Rayleigh.

SATURDAY, March 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Sound," V., by Lord Rayleigh.

3 p.m. Physical: "The Production of the Finest Fibres," by Mr. C. V. Boys; "Delicate Calorimetric Thermometers" and "The Expansion of Thermometer Bulbs under Pressure," by Prof. Pickering.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Comparative Grammar and Philology for Schools. By A. C. Price. (Bell.) Mr. Price must forgive us if we say his book is melancholy reading. It is written from the standpoint of fifteen years ago, and ignores all recent research. The old suffixes, YANSTAMA, TARAMA, MADHAI, SHDVAI, and the rest, appear in their primitive absurdity. The "three-vowel" *Ursprache* and the "Graeco-Italic family" are put forward as absolute truths. Analogy is barely mentioned, and comparative syntax not dreamt of. Mr. Price's reason is given in his preface: "No English work has been published definitely adopting the new views, and so it is best to include nothing for which some recognised English authority cannot be quoted." But Mr. Price seems to have overlooked much that has been published. He includes Mr. Monro's *Homeric Grammar* in his list of authorities, but quotes from it little more than a familiar fact about the dual (p. 76). And he does not know that Prof. Nettleship, and other English scholars, have pronounced against the "Graeco-Italic theory." Nor even if we admit Mr. Price's plea, can we judge his book very favourably. As he says, it is of the "paste and scissors" order, being an abstract, with additions, of Mr. Papillon's *Manual*. In itself this is no objection. But it is difficult to avoid smiling when Canon Farrar is quoted as an authority on Provençal (p. 29) and the Australian dialects (p. 49). Nor do we believe the quotation from Mr. Monro on p. 93 is exactly worded. On p. 75 is an obscure sentence: "Often the preceding vowel is lengthened in compensation, or perhaps rather intensified, as though in anticipation of compensation being necessary; thus *φεισι* became *φεισι-σι*." What is meant by this "anticipation"? In conclusion, we would ask Mr. Price to consider a sentence in his own preface: "In philology," he says, "the accepted theories of one week are the exploded delusions of the next." Now Mr. Price is a schoolmaster, and we ask him, as one schoolmaster may another,

whether it is well to teach boys such a science? Personally, we believe that the research of the last eight years has not been without solid results; but, be that as it may, it cannot be right to teach theories which are generally called "exploded," and which even their defender, Mr. Price, considers "delusive." University tutors have, we understand, already adopted this view, and generally ceased to set philological questions. We should add that the book has no index, and that there are a few misprints, *οικοδομῶ* (p. 74), *ἱκευος* (p. 83), *ἄντιον* (p. 71), *ῥῆστος* (p. 18), *ῥῆσις* (p. 74), which is a wrong form also, *ἱκνοῖς* (p. 55), &c.

Transactions of the Cambridge Philological Society. Vol. III. Part I. (Trübner.) This part consists solely of notes on the "Oedipus Rex" by Mr. Whitelaw, Prof. Postgate, and Mr. Fennell. Some of the grammar notes are very good, especially those on *μή οὐ* with participle and *οὐδ' ἄν ποῖντο*. We commend the number to all Greek scholars, though we should add that it is expensive to non-subscribers.

M. JOHANNES ZVETAIIEFF, whose great works on the Oscan and Central Italian inscriptions are so well known, has published for the use of students (Leipzig: Brockhaus) a very convenient handbook at a moderate price. The title, *Inscriptiones Italiae Inferioris Dialecticae*, is too modest; for the first eighty inscriptions are from Central Italy, and include all those from that district which are of dialectal value. Then follow more than two hundred Oscan inscriptions, mostly in Roman type, but in some cases in facsimile; and an interpretation of the more important and intelligible. There is also an excellent representation of the famous Duenos inscription, found on the Quirinal in 1880, with no less than six different renderings and commentaries. A full *Glossarium* discusses the words which occur on the inscriptions, with bibliographical references. Dr. Deecke, in an appendix, contributes some noteworthy conjectures; and three plates give facsimiles of important inscriptions. The work will put within the student of modest means much material which he would have found it hard to procure elsewhere, and it deserves a hearty welcome.

Nachträge zu Alexander Trallianus. By Th. Puschmann. (Berlin: Calvary's "Berliner Studien.") The present writer had some years ago the task of describing the first number of the *Berliner Studien* as not calculated to awake enthusiasm. Since then the series has been increased by several considerable works, and we are glad to have the present opportunity of calling the attention of English scholars to it. The two recent numbers which are before us, are Dr. Petschenig's *Corippus*, which we notice separately below, and Dr. Puschmann's *Nachträge*. Dr. Puschmann published some seven years ago a large edition of Alexander of Tralles, which was in itself a valuable contribution to the history of medicine. Now the same experienced hand gives a supplement. The volume contains an unedited Greek treatise on eye diseases, which the editor thinks may be a youthful work of Alexander, and Latin translations of two lost medical treatises by Philumenus and Philagrius. These latter were published in the sixteenth century by Guinter of Andernach, accompanied by a Greek text. As our readers will remember, one of Aristotle's writings, which survived only in a Latin form, was turned into Greek and published by a Renaissance Hellenist; and this Greek has been quoted by one or two writers in England as Aristotle's own. Precisely the same is the case with Philumenus and Philagrius; only Dr. Puschmann has not fallen into the blunder, committed by the scholars alluded to, of mistaking Renaissance Greek for the original, and

he has not reprinted Guinter's Greek. He has added to both the Greek and the Latin treatises a few critical notes and a German translation, which, so far as a foreigner can judge, seems clear and good. It may be added that the Latin seems to date from A.D. 700.

Flavii Cresconii Corippi quae supersunt. Rec. M. Petschenig. (Calvary.) We doubt whether English scholars care or know much about the later Latin literature. It is true an Oxford man recently wrote a little pamphlet of elegiacs which professed to be an imitation of Rutilius Namatianus. But it is within our own knowledge that the latter was not uncommonly styled in Oxford "Rutilius Nemesianus." However, if anyone wishes to read Corippus, they cannot do better than use Dr. Petschenig's edition. The editor is already well known by articles on the text of the poet, in the *Wiener Studien* and elsewhere; and his command of fifth century Latin has enabled him to clear up many difficulties of vocabulary and syntax. One specimen of this he gave in Wölfflin's *Archiv* (iii. 284), in a note on the use of *frangere* and other transitive verbs in a reflexible sense. This edition is, therefore, strong on two sides. It has also an excellent *Index verborum* out of which lexicographers can, so far as we have examined, draw considerable materials.

Dissertationes Philologicae Vindobonenses. I. (Freytag & Tempsky.) This is the first volume of another new series. It contains three papers: an elaborate investigation by C. Kunst into the metres of Theocritus (pp. 1-124); an article on tragic metres, by S. Reiter, which has been published separately (pp. 125-236); and an enquiry, by I. Kubik, into the quotations made by Cicero from Latin poetry (pp. 237-348). The first may be left to editors of Theocritus, of the second we give a notice elsewhere, while the third seems to come to no very striking conclusion. It appears that Cicero studied Latin poetry with some care, and that he quotes passages which are either "orationis luminibus ornati," or of a proverbial nature. One hundred and twenty pages of (not absolutely correct) Latin were hardly required to prove this.

De Syllabarum trisema longitudine. By S. Reiter. (Prag: Tempsky.) Dr. Reiter's essay has three objects. First he tries to prove that long syllables scanned in a Greek tragic chorus as trochees (—) may actually correspond to real trochees, and that many passages have been wrongly altered because this has been overlooked; secondly, he discusses long syllables scanned as spondees (—); and, thirdly, he enquires whether the practice of irrationally lengthening a syllable so as to make it "triseme" or "tetraseme" is in any way conditioned by the nature of the syllable, or word, or passage. His result is that "Aeschylus and Sophocles followed no fixed rules, but preserved fitness where possible." Thus words denoting slow motion—*ῥῆσις*, *αἶών*, *ἄρη*—often present examples of this lengthening. Dr. Reiter appears well up in the literature of the subject, but we desiderate more references to Aristoxenus. The aberrations of Dr. J. H. H. Schmidt (familiar to us through Prof. Jebb) are a melancholy example of theorising; and one is compelled to agree with Westphal that the best solid basis for enquiry is given by Aristoxenus. And we must add that Dr. Reiter's first theory is not new: it occurs, for example, in Mr. Verrall's *Seven against Thebes* (p. 129).

Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft. Edited by I. Müller. (Nördlingen.) Part v. We wish here only to chronicle the progress of this excellent work. The first two volumes are now published in full, and the fourth volume has made a commencement. Vol. iii. has, it seems, been delayed by the

death of Prof. Jordan, but is to appear in the course of 1887. A full review of the *Handbuch* we must reserve till its completion. Meanwhile we will only recommend it warmly.

Jahresbericht für Alterthumswissenschaft. Vierzehnter Jahrgang, 1-4. (Calvary.) We should like to call the attention of Latin scholars to the reports contained in these numbers on Plautus by Dr. Seyffert, and on Latin lexicography by Prof. Georges. They deserve full examination. Other reports are on the Attic Orators (Hüttner), the Greek lyric poets (Hiller), and Greek and Roman "Metrik" (Klotz).

THE ACADEMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS.

WE take the following reports of papers recently read before the Académie des Inscriptions from the *Revue Critique*:-

M. Héron de Villefosse exhibited a collection of Roman antiquities recently discovered at Grand, near Bar-le-Duc, in the department of Vosges. The collection comprised vases of earthenware and bronze, iron utensils, a hand-saw (*serrula manubriata*), two padlocks, and a fragment of a bronze disk intended for a calendar. This last object has been the subject of special study by Col. G. de la Noë. The disk is precisely one foot (Roman) in diameter. At a little distance from the edge, it is pierced by a series of small holes. Opposite some of these holes are inscriptions, showing that they correspond to certain days in the year, viz., ante Kalendas viii., the Kalends, the nones, and the ides of each month, forty-eight in all. From these inscriptions it is, of course, easy to calculate the days corresponding to the other holes. The main object of the instrument was to indicate the length of the day at any time of the year. This was necessary in order to regulate the klepsydra or clock, for the Romans subdivided the day (from sunrise to sunset) into twelve equal parts or hours at all seasons of the year alike, so that the length of the hour increased or decreased according to the length of the day. With this object, a point had been marked on the disk between the centre and that part of the circumference assigned to the winter months. It had been chosen in such a way that its distance from the holes corresponding to the several days varies directly as the length of those days, and conversely as the length of the nights. It seems probable that the instrument formerly had a graduated gauge, which worked round the marked point from which the length was reckoned. Its use would thus be made easy, for it would suffice to turn the gauge to the day wanted, and to observe the mark opposite the hole corresponding to that day. The calendar in question seems to have been drawn up for the latitude of Rome, and its date is probably the second century A.D.

PROF. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE read a paper upon property in land and place-names in ancient Gaul. The oldest names of estates and farms to be found in France are, for the most part, derivatives from Roman gentile names, with the termination *-acus*. E.g., Clichy = *Clippi-acus*, from Hippius; Issy = *Icci-acus*, from Iccius; Antony = *Antoni-acus*, from Antonius. The rest are either derivatives from *cognomina*, also with the termination *-acus*, or else compounds of which *magus*—"field" is the first part and a *cognomen* the second part. All alike seem to have been formed in the early days of the Roman Empire. The only names of inhabited places that go back to the period of Gallic independence are those of fortresses, of *vici*, and of *urbes*. Land could not have received personal names at that time, for private property in the soil did not then exist. Polybius tells us that the Gauls who established themselves by conquest in

Northern Italy in the fourth century B.C. knew nothing of landed property; with them, the fortunes of individuals consisted solely in moveables, mainly in gold and in herds. The disposition also of property between husband and wife, such as Caesar shows us in Gaul three hundred years later, cannot be understood otherwise. In brief, land not built upon was everywhere throughout Gaul the property of the people, or rather of the tribe—what the Romans called *ager publicus*. Caesar never writes of a *villa* or estate, but only of *aedificia*, which were generally situated in the midst of woods. It was the Romans who introduced into Gaul property in land as we now understand it.

M. HEUZEY read a paper upon a collection of objects of so-called "Hittite" art, recently presented to the Louvre by M. Dorigny. The most important of these are a number of cylinders and seals of hematite, which had been discovered in the neighbourhood of Aidin, upon the old frontier of Caria and Lydia. The design of the figures engraved on them recalls the art of Chaldaea and Babylonia; but their distinguishing mark is the exceptional development of purely decorative work—borders, frames, and belts of separation. In particular, there is found a system of scrolls, imposed on one another, similar to those which are so characteristic of the monuments at Mykenai. The study of these objects has enabled M. Heuzey to revise the series of Asiatic art, by now classifying as "Hittite" many cylinders, &c., hitherto regarded as Babylonian, Assyrian, or even Persian.

M. Homolle read a paper on "Iomilkos and Jechomelekh." The temple inventories of Delos make frequent mention of a certain Iomilkos who, in the fourth century B.C., dedicated golden crowns to Apollo and Artemis. It has been long recognised that this name is the Greek form of the Phoenician Jechomelekh. M. Six proposed to identify him with a king of Byblos, mentioned in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum* (i. 8, pl. 1), though the editors of that work adduce good reasons for referring this king to the period of the Achaemenides. M. Homolle, on the other hand, would identify him with a Carthaginian ambassador, whose name occurs thus—*ΟΔΜΙΑΚΑΣ*, in a fragmentary inscription at Athens of the fourth century. This latter conjecture has just received a striking confirmation by the discovery of a new inscription at Delos, with the words—*Ἰωμῖλκου Καρχηδονίου*.

PROF. PAUL MEYER has called our attention to an inaccuracy in the ACADEMY of last week under the head of "French Jottings." While it is true that Bishop Stubbs has been elected a "correspondant étranger" of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, Sir Henry Rawlinson, who has been a "correspondant étranger" of the Académie des Inscriptions since 1844, was elected the other day to succeed Madvig as a "membre associé étranger." The latter distinction is much the higher of the two, for there are thirty "correspondants" but only eight "membres associés."

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE following appointments have already been made for the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held this year at Manchester, beginning August 31. The President will be Sir Henry Roscoe. The presidents of the sections will be: A, Mathematics and Physics, Sir Robert S. Ball; B, Chemistry, Dr. Edward Schunck; C, Geology, Dr. Henry Woodward; D, Biology, Prof. A. Newton; E, Geography, Sir Charles Warren; F, Economic Science, Dr. Robert Giffen; G, Mechanical Science, Prof. Osborne Reynolds. For Section H, Anthropology, a

president has not yet been obtained. One of the public lectures will be given by Prof. H. B. Dixon on "The Rate of Explosions in Gases"; the lecture to the operative classes will be by Prof. George Forbes.

THE Edinburgh Geological Society has recently issued a new part of its *Transactions*, containing a number of interesting papers, mostly short articles on Scottish geology. The principal contributor is Mr. Ralph Richardson, one of the vice-presidents, whose inaugural address at the opening of last session is here printed. This address is devoted to a sketch of the life and work of James Hutton, the founder of the Edinburgh School of Geology, and the "patron saint" of the Edinburgh Geological Society.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AN important addition to Prof. Ascoli's Hebrew inscriptions of Venosa and other localities in Southern Italy is the recent discovery of a Hebrew inscription at Riva, dated A.D. 620, which will be published by Prof. H. D. Müller, of Vienna.

THE Russian review *Voshkod* contains an article by Prof. Harkavy on Dr. Neubauer's *Catalogue of Hebrew MSS. in the Bodleian*, published last year by the Clarendon Press. Full justice is done to the learning and research displayed in this admirable work. It has already been favourably noticed in the ACADEMY (by Dr. Friedländer), the (American) *Nation*, *Revue des Etudes Juives*, and many other literary journals in Holland and elsewhere. This catalogue adds another to the great services which Dr. Neubauer has rendered to Semitic literature—notably by his *Book of Hebrew Roots* (Arabic Text), *Book of Tobit*, essays in *Studia Biblica*, *Catena of Jewish Interpretations of the Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah*, and many other works in French and German.

THE forthcoming number of the *Zeitschrift der Deutschmorgenländischen Gesellschaft* will contain an elaborate review (16 pages) of Dr. Ginsburg's *Massorah* by Dr. S. Baer, the well-known editor of the Hebrew Bible. The writer of the review, who is a professional Massoretic scholar, comes to the same conclusion as the reviewer in the *Guardian* (June, 1886)—viz., that Dr. Ginsburg's voluminous work is a general failure. It is unsatisfactory for the beginner, because it is confused; unsatisfactory for those who are only half acquainted with the Massorah, because it does not give the sources from which the different rubrics are taken; while Massoretic scholars will find in it nothing that is new. The greater part of the materials do not belong to the Massorah at all, but are taken from grammatical works, such as those of Judah Hayyudsh, Judah ben Bilam, David Kimchi, and late authors of Yemen, including one even of the last century, who possessed a very limited knowledge of Massoretic lore. Dr. Ginsburg reproduced as Massoretic, for example, lines which run thus: "I had no Massorah to fill out the blank space," which are evidently due merely to a scribe. An immense number of Biblical words are wrongly printed, the accents are affixed carelessly, and the genuine Massoretic notes are so full of mistakes that even an additional volume will be insufficient for their correction. Dr. Ginsburg has certainly taken no pains to understand what the headings mean, but has printed them just as his copyist transcribed them from the margins of the Biblical or other MSS. Indeed, he even reproduces a part of the well-known treatise of Ben Asher with numerous errors, which he could have easily corrected from the edition of Baer and Strack. In the Massoretic fragments from MSS. in Tachufutkale, now at St. Petersburg, he is so

faithful in his reproduction as to include the heading, forged by the late Abraham Firkowitz, as stated in the *Dikduke hataamim* of Ben Asher in the edition just referred to. Dr. Ginsburg did not even perceive that the codex *alnagdadî* (as he absurdly prints it) is none other than the codex *alnagdadî*, of Bagdad, which is identical with the Eastern codex. The barbarous term codex *Lonkart* is, of course, simply "Lombard," of Lombardy. Curiously enough, Dr. Baer adds, even the Hebrew title-pages are not free from errors. With a Massorah published in this style, Dr. Baer is certainly right when he concludes his review in the following words: "The three volumes of Dr. Ginsburg have no right to be called an accurate and a complete Massorah; it is merely a laboriously collected mass of materials which may be utilised in the future for a really critical and final edition of the Massorah."

M. MAURICE VERNES, to whose review of Kuenen in the *Revue Critique* we lately called attention, has since published a pamphlet (Paris: Leroux) in which, while approving in the main the opinions of the late G. d'Eichthal, he propounds a new theory concerning the composition and origin of Deuteronomy. After distinguishing (with d'Eichthal) between the Deuteronomic legislation properly so-called (chaps. xii. to xxvi.) and the general exhortation contained in chaps. v. to xi., he contests the received view that would refer the former to the time of King Josiah, and would himself place it after the return from the Captivity. So, again, with regard to the relations between Jeremiah and Deuteronomy, he argues that the principal author of the book that bears the name of the prophet was not acquainted with the legislative portion of Deuteronomy, but only with the general exhortation. Finally, M. Vernes contends that the three principal documents of the Pentateuch, and the three systems of legislations which they embody, all alike date from after the return from the Captivity; and that they represent, not three religious organisations fundamentally distinct from each other, but only three different forms of one and the same system of worship.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Feb. 18.)

A. J. ELLIS, Esq., in the chair.—A paper on "Gothic Personal Names" was read by Mr. Henry Bradley. To ascertain the correct form of Gothic names is very difficult. The texts of Greek and Roman authors where these names occur are often uncertain. To interpret the classical spellings we require to know what sounds the authors associated with their letters, and this necessitated complicated processes of historical deduction. And, further, the spellings made by foreigners were naturally very imperfect as attempts at representing the native Teutonic sounds. For instance, Cassiodorus mentions a Goth named "Tezutzat." At first sight this appears quite un-Teutonic. We can, however, restore what was probably the native form by assuming (as we have other reasons for doing) that *z* in Italian Latin of the sixth century stood for sharp *ss*, and that *ts* was intended to suggest the Gothic *p*. Thus we arrive at a Gothic form, "Tahsw-pahhts," meaning "right-handed thought." But the corruptions in the forms of names were of many kinds, and no general rules could be given for correcting them. Gothic personal names were formed in several different ways. The first class consisted of compounds of two words, either substantives or adjectives, such as were usual also among most of the other Aryan peoples. It was a common mistake to suppose that these names were generally intended to be significant. In reality, the two elements of a name were often incongruous or even contradictory. There were Teutonic names, like "friþu-haþs," which meant literally "peace-war"; and they were to be accounted for by sup-

posing that *friþu* had become so common as an initial element of names, and *hafs* (from *hafu*) so common as a final, that the absurdity of combining them was not felt. Virtually, there existed two lists of words; and, by joining together random selections from each list, personal names could be formed. In prehistoric times, no doubt the "double-list" names were significant, and some of late historical origin were also formed with the same intention; but the principle of arbitrary combination was found among the Hindus, Greeks, Slavs, and Kelts, and had probably arisen even before the separation of the Aryan peoples. The second class was that of the diminutives, which were formed from the "double-list" class by selecting one element and adding the suffix *-ila*. It appeared that a diminutive could be made out of either element of a compound, so that a full name, such as "Audamers," might be reduced either to "Audila" or to "Mérila." These diminutives were probably not merely used familiarly, but sometimes as public, official, and baptismal names. The apostle of the Goths may have been originally named "Thiuda-wulfs" or "Wulfareiks," and afterwards known by the diminutive "Wulfila"; or else the last may have been his name from the beginning. The third class consisted of diminutives obtained by adding the suffix *-an* (nominative *-a*) to one element of the "double list" names, especially to an adjective; and the fourth class, by adding *-jan* (nominative *-ja*) to the preterites of strong verbs. The fifth class were the phonetic compressions due, perhaps, to childish mispronunciation, like "Wamba," from "Wandilbairhts." The sixth class, which contained very few examples, consisted of ordinary nouns or adjectives without alteration. Mr. Bradley gave a list of the elements used initially and finally, and offered explanations of several historical examples. Thus, he regarded "Pitzia" as an adaptation of the Greek "Pythias," "Oixila," a Spanish name of the seventh century, seemed to be from the substantive *peixaa*, meaning, perhaps, "fortune." Nouns forming the second element in Teutonic masculine names were apparently always turned into the *a* declension, whatever their original thematic vowel. Thus, in "Sunjalfríþas" the *a* replaces *u*. He would explain the first element in "Alaricus," &c., as *Alh* = "temple." Old-English *Ealh* = "Witigis or -ges" was probably for "Weihtigais" = Old-English "Wihgtar," the reduction of *gais* to *gis* being attributable to weakness of stress; while the first element was the common Teutonic *wiht* = a thing, primarily, perhaps, meaning "fighting," and hence "something captured in battle." Gothic *nanþs* = courageous was equivalent to Old-English *nóþ*, as Grimm had pointed out; Förstemann, overlooking this, identified *nóþ* with German *noth*, need. The Spanish "Gondamarus" represented not Gothic "Gunþamers," but "Gunþamarhs" = war-horse. The termination *mērs* (= Celtic *-māros*, "great") is usually Latinised as *-mirus*. The name of the founder of the Amaling dynasty, "Ostrogotha" (Austraguta) was probably an ordinary "double-list" name, the second element not meaning "Goth" here, but bearing the appellative sense ("nobly born") which it possessed before it became an ethnic designation. The first element occurred in Old-English "Easterwine" and Frankish "Austrowald," the second in Old-English "Earcongota" and Gothic "biudaguto." Following a suggestion of Grimm's, it was possible that "Jornandes" (the name given in some MSS. to the historian Jordanes) was properly "Jernanþs," the first element being from the same word as our "year." "Ataulfus" might be from *ahla*, "terrible," cognate with English *awe*; *Sise*, as in "Sisebertus," from *sigis* = "victory." "Ferdinand" contained the word corresponding to Old-English *ferhþ*, "life," and the *fairhwa* of Wulfila.—In the discussion Dr. Fennell remarked that the conjecture in the paper with regard to the primitive meaning of *wiht* suggested a possible explanation of the Latin *victima*. The theory of compression had been used to account for certain Greek names.—Dr. Whitley Stokes said that a great many Celtic names were identical with Gothic ones as regards etymology, signification, or plan of formation.

SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Thursday, Feb. 24.)
SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, president, in the chair.

—A Paper was read by Mr. Foster Palmer, upon "The Drama of Richard III.," as exhibiting the adolescence of Shakspeare's genius. The reader commenced with a short summary of the metrical tests and other literary evidence which, he said, point to "Richard III." as being one of the earliest of Shakspeare's complete plays. The psychological aspect of the play leads to the same conclusion, for it presents all the hyperbolic intensity characteristic of a youthful writer, besides showing signs of mental growth, of an increasing independence of thought, and a throwing-off of earlier surrounding influences. Between the earlier and later methods of Shakspeare, the character of Richard, highly coloured and outstanding, but deficient in refinement of shading, has a middle place. The series forms a connecting link with the earlier and imperfect plays on the one hand, and on the other with that higher development which reaches its acme in the character of Hamlet and the psychical struggles in Othello and Macbeth.—Dr. Knighton, one of the vice-presidents, argued that the data set forth by the reader rather tended to show that the play was the production of a writer in his maturity than in his adolescence.—Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, contended that Shakspeare's intention was rather dramatic than psychological, that he was limited in his treatment of the characters in this play to the facts of history, and that his development of the female characters in it was in strict accordance therewith. Richard was, he thought, by no means the dramatic "be all and end all" of the play, and had only been made so by the desire of successive exponents of the part to possess the stage.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, March 7.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. A. M. Ogilvie read a paper on "Lotze's Metaphysic." The most significant aspect of Lotze's teaching is its many-sidedness. An eminent man of science as well as a philosopher, he also had a most delicate appreciation of the aesthetic and moral standards of value which govern human life. He sought in philosophy an answer to the complex of questions arising out of life as a whole, and not merely a hypothesis satisfying the requirements of physical science. No one ever felt more strongly that only in actual experience have men a living evidence of reality, but he showed that in experience the significance lies in those ideal forms in which it manifests itself to reason. In his ultimate analysis of our experience of nature, Lotze arrived at a conception of an universal absolute working by fixed laws, revealed to us in experience, towards an ideal end. Mental phenomena in the same final analysis give evidence of the existence of finite spirits, not independent of the Infinite Spirit, which, in the last resort, the aesthetic and moral experience of man realises not merely as a bare absolute, but as a living, personal Deity.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, March 8.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. A. Lewis read a paper on "Stone Circles near Aberdeen." He described in detail two circles near Dyce and Portlethen respectively, and drew particular attention to the fact that they differed in two important particulars from the circles of Southern Britain. In former papers on stone circles Mr. Lewis had insisted on the presence of a special reference to the north-east; but in these circles the main direction is north and south, and they are further distinguished from the southern circles by the existence of an oblong stone flanked by two upright stones, which is indeed their principal feature, and which exists nowhere except in the Aberdeen district, where it is almost universal. Mr. Lewis regarded the Aberdeen circles as having more affinity to the "Giants' Graves" found in the north of Ireland than to the English circles to which it has always been sought to ally them.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 11.)

DR. GEORGE THOM, president, in the chair.—Dr. J. S. Mackay communicated a historical account

of a geometrical theorem and its developments in the eighteenth century; and Mr. R. E. Allardice gave an extension of a former paper on polygons, and a generalisation of a theorem regarding the complete quadrilateral.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. HES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

ART BOOKS.

The Consulting Architect. By Robert Kerr. (John Murray.) This is a convenient handbook for the use of architects, in those purely business-like and un-aesthetic branches of their profession, which have, during recent years, taken so prominent a part in the practice of a large class of men. At the present time, the artistic side of the profession seems tending rather to fall into the background, and a large proportion of the architect's time is taken up with such semi-legal questions as "ancient lights," tenants' and landlords' duties, the drawing-up of leases, and the like. Thus Mr. Kerr's book supplies a want which has been rapidly increasing, and he gives in a compact form a great deal of useful matter, treated from a straightforward, common-sense point of view. The very difficult subject of "easements" and "ancient lights" is dealt with at some length, and much good, practical advice is given, though it is really impossible to state any clear rules of action in so very vague and perplexing a subject as this—one in which no two precisely similar cases ever occur. It may be suggested that Mr. Kerr very much underrates the value of reflected light from a surface, such as white glazed bricks, when he says that "the value of the light so reflected is so small as to be in effect nothing." Anyone who has lived opposite a dirty wall, which has subsequently been lime-whited, will certainly have found the difference in the lighting of his rooms to be very striking. The chapter on the interpretation of the "Metropolitan Building Act" is short and to the point, and should be useful to all young architects who practise in London. Every architect would wish his client to read Mr. Kerr's sensible remarks on the systems of "tendering," and his protest against the modern popular method of getting in an unlimited number of "tenders," and then accepting the lowest—an infallible way to insure bad workmanship throughout. With regard to the unwritten rules of professional practice, which should surely be framed on the supposition that an architect is a gentleman, one is sorry to find Mr. Kerr taking a less hopeful view when he speaks of the modern habit of touting for orders by which some men disgrace their profession. Mr. Kerr says, "Canvassing, therefore, is a thing which, as the world goes, cannot, even in etiquette, be condemned among architects." This implies a serious accusation against the profession, which we believe to be unfounded.

Handbook of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints as illustrated in Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. Edited by Katherine E. Conway. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.) This work is a compilation from the writings of Lady Eastlake and Mrs. Jameson on Christian art, offered to the public without any acknowledgment of the sources whence it is drawn. The opening chapter on Symbolism is taken from Lady Eastlake's introduction to the *History of Our Lord in Art*, p. 2. The next part, on General Symbols, pp. 2 to 9, is extracted from a chapter in Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, where the subject is more correctly named as bearing on certain emblems and attributes, pp. 23 to 28 and 32 to

37. The woodcut illustrations of this chapter are taken from the same work, but with this difference, that two of Mrs. Jameson's drawings of palm branches are here used to illustrate the lily. Pp. 17 to 21 of Miss Clement's work are from pp. 44 to 50 of Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*; and that portion which deals with the symbols of the monastic orders (p. 26) is from the introduction to Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Monastic Orders*. The main body of the work, which treats of the legends and stories illustrated in art, is simply an alphabetical arrangement of the hagiology in the aforesaid works—a short dictionary of Christian biography. Thus there are thirty-four saints under A, twenty-seven of which are lives taken from the above-mentioned works; while for the remaining seven little clue is supplied by which we may connect them with Christian symbolism. Had this work honestly appeared as a traveller's compendium of the standard works of Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, we should have received it in a different spirit. The student, whether in our own National Galleries or on the Continent, who would understand the subjects illustrated in mediæval art would rejoice in the possession of such a handy book of reference. Coming to us in its present guise, however, the book is little better than piracy, which, in fealty to Mrs. Jameson, we think it a duty to expose. Mrs. Hemans used to quote a sad saying of Mme. de Stael, "For a woman, fame is only a royal mourning in purple for happiness." Sadder still it is to say that a woman may arise to rob a sister even of that robe and wear it as her own.

THE Rev. H. H. Bishop's *Architecture in relation to our Parish Churches* (S. P. C. K.) is a pleasantly written and readable sketch of the subject, so far as it goes. It shows, however, on the part of its author, no very profound knowledge either of architecture or of ecclesiology. Mr. Bishop would have done well to study Mr. G. G. Scott's work on church architecture published in 1882. Some knowledge of the way in which our old churches were fitted up, and the ritual that went on in them, helps very strongly to create a keener interest in the architectural dry bones of the subject. The woodcuts which illustrate this little book are mostly poor, and give little notion of the churches they represent.

Le Jugement de Paris attribué au Giorgione. By S. Larpent. (Christiania.) M. Larpent possesses a very beautiful picture representing the Judgment of Paris, which he believes to be by Giorgione. Ridolfi says that Giorgione painted "Paride con le tre Dee in piccole figure." Dresden, Lord Malmesbury (Heron Court), Sig. Enrico Albuzio (Venice), and M. Larpent have in turn claimed possession of the original work. The Venice picture is somewhat preferable to Lord Malmesbury's; that at Dresden is certainly inferior to both. All four are obviously connected. Mr. Crowe and Cavalcoselle erroneously assume that the original was formerly in the Vendramin collection, and is represented in the sketch entitled "Fauola di Paride di Zorzon" in the MS. catalogue (of 1627) of that collection now in the British Museum (Sloane, 4004). The picture referred to by Ridolfi belonged to the Leoni da San Lorenzo in 1627. M. Larpent gives photographs of the Vendramin sketch, which can scarcely represent a Giorgionesque composition of the Venice picture, and of his own. So far as it is possible to judge from photographs, M. Larpent's picture has more the aspect of originality than Sig. Albuzio's. It is at all events a lovely work.

Hans Holbein in seinem Verhältnisse zur Antike, &c. By Gustav Leithäuser. (Hamburg.) This pamphlet adds little or nothing to our knowledge of Holbein's work and ideas,

but it gathers into a continuous essay the scattered notices which would usually be distributed up and down a life of the artist. Truth to tell, Holbein was not much a humanist. He did not attract the friendship of learned men as Dürer had the faculty of doing. Erasmus and More used him, as one might use an intelligent carpenter, without sharing their thoughts with him. His satirical powers were naturally exerted against existing abuses just as Sebastian Brandt's were; and sometimes, when working for humanists, Holbein expressed himself in humanistic forms. But the new learning took no hold upon his mind. He was a student of men, not of books. Dr. Leithäuser, though without intending to do so, has really succeeded in making this fact plainly apparent.

Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft. Band IX. 4. Heft. This number commences with some addenda to the useful list of the works of the two German engravers—A. G. and W. H. A long article by Dr. Feuwirth on the illuminated Italian MSS. in Austrian monastic libraries is valuable but scarcely readable. The same is the case with Dr. Muther's chronologically arranged list of Hans Burgkmair's works from 1473 to 1531. The remainder of the number is occupied with the usual series of reviews and the valuable Museum notes, classified list of publications, reviews, and the like.

Pittura Italiana. Parte Prima. By Alfredo Melani. (Hoepli: Milan.) This is one of the handy "Manuali Hoepli," and gives in a small compass a summary but clear history of art in Italy from primitive times to those of Giotto. It is illustrated by many engravings well chosen and well executed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANSIDEI RAFFAELLE.

Chichester House, Rockley Road, West Kensington Park, W.: March 15, 1887.

It may interest readers of the ACADEMY to know that the model who sat to Raffaele for the figure of St. Nicholas was the same that sat to Perugino for St. Jerome in the celebrated picture which made Perugino famous, and an account of which is given in *Pilkington's Painters*, p. 591 (Fuseli's edition, 1805). This painting is on panel, and formerly belonged to the Emperor Charles V.; and after many vicissitudes, it now forms part of my collection. It is in an excellent state, and a very fine specimen of the master of Raffaele. The model referred to also sat to Leonardo da Vinci for the St. Peter in the Last Supper. He was thus in the habit of being much in the company of Raffaele when a student of Perugino, confirming the fact that the "Ansidei Madonna" is a very early effort of Raffaele.

Any of your readers who may wish to see the painting by Perugino I have described can do so by making a convenient appointment with myself for that purpose.

JOHN PARNELL.

FORGERY OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

Ballymena: March 12, 1887.

May I, through the ACADEMY, warn English and American private collectors of the wholesale forgery of antiquarian objects which is practised at the present time in the north of County Antrim? Mr. W. J. Knowles wrote fully on the subject in the *Journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland*, April 1886, No. 66; but since the publication of his article further information has reached us concerning the trade.

On a recent archaeological excursion we fell in with a gentleman who had watched the manufacture of a sepulchral urn, which we believe is

now in the hands of a Ballymena dealer, waiting for disposal to England. The maker and his brother—the same men to whom Mr. Knowles refers—were engaged, on the occasion in question, in striking flakes off the flint and making arrowheads out of them, in abrading and drilling hammer stones, and in manufacturing the urn, "which," one of the men remarked, "you will be surprised to see one day in some museum." Our informant was in their company about a couple of hours, and saw the whole proceedings, from the mixing of the clay to the last ornamental touches. The men had genuine arrowheads, oval tool-stones, and perforated stone hammers before them; and these they carefully imitated.

We learned, during the course of the day, some additional particulars. The more expert of the two brothers has now removed from Coleraine to Bushmills, where he is in convenient proximity to the Giants' Causeway. He makes arrowheads at the rate of about two dozen an hour, and disposes of them to the guides according to quality, the more pretentious ones in size or pattern fetching a higher price. He has injured his trade by "making too free," as he says, "with his work"; but English visitors, and especially American tourists, at the Causeway are still frequently innocent purchasers, and even subsequent orders come from England for a supply.

He seems to have abandoned the very small types of arrowheads which he formerly made, as the forgery of these has become notorious, and to have taken $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 inch arrowheads for his new patterns. Only a few days ago four specimens of these came under my observation. They are skillfully made, and an effort is noticeable to overcome the defects of his earlier workmanship; but a practised archaeologist will scarcely fail to recognise the imitation.

He is also engaged in manufacturing large rough flint celts, 4 to 5 inches long, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches broad at what is intended to represent the cutting end of the celt. They are different to any genuine type, and can deceive only an inexperienced purchaser. A specimen was shown me a short time ago which had been placed in the fire, in order to remove the freshness of the manufacture by giving it a brown, charred appearance.

The chief evil which accrues from this trade is that it must tend to bring the genuine Irish antiquities of Antrim into undeserved discredit.

LEONARD G. HASSÉ.

THE ST. JOHN'S CHALICES.

Oxford: March 12, 1887.

A correction which I sent last week was too late for the press. It seems that the list of known chalices in the *Archæological Journal*, to which I referred, designedly excludes any later than the middle of the sixteenth century. Mr. Hope tells me that seventeenth-century chalices of mediæval form are found at Peterhouse, Cambridge, at Rochester Cathedral, and in a few other places—notably four beautiful examples in Derbyshire. I was, therefore, wrong in adding the St. John's chalices to the list given in the *Archæological Journal*; but the fact remains that these vessels were unknown, and are both rare and interesting.

A. J. BUTLER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. LUKE FILDES has been elected R.A., and Mr. Aitchison professor of architecture at the Royal Academy.

THE Committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club is organising an exhibition of Hispano-Moresque and Majolica Pottery, which is to be held during the height of the season, and which,

it is hoped, may rival in interest the great display of Persian ware and fabrics held in the gallery of the club some two or three years ago.

THE Institute of Painters in Water-Colours will have another great fancy ball, with *tableaux*, this year. The date fixed is May 16. It is probable that, as upon the last occasion, the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family will be present.

ON Monday next, March 21, Messrs. Sotheby will begin the sale of the first portion of the unrivalled collection of mezzotint engravings which has been formed during the past thirty years by Mr. John Chaloner Smith, with a view to the compilation of his well-known work, *British Mezzotint Portraits described*. This first portion alone numbers 1,805 lots, and will occupy nine days in selling. It consists of a few prints illustrative of the history of the art in Europe, including the rare "Oliver Cromwell" by Van de Velde; and of an almost exhaustive series of British prints (mostly portraits)—some unique, and many of them in several states—arranged in the alphabetical order of the engravers' names. The present sale goes down to Francis Place (*florent* 1671), all of whose works are rare. The second portion of the sale will conclude this series, and also contain some early specimens of the art, as well as a number of prints of this century. The catalogue is rendered valuable not only by an autotype reproduction from the work above referred to, but also by an index of personages whose portraits are given.

THREE more exhibitions will be opened next week—the twenty-fourth annual exhibition of pictures by artists of the Continental schools, at the French Gallery (Mr. Wallis's) in Pall Mall; the twenty-third exhibition of cabinet pictures by British and foreign artists at Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket; and a collection of pictures and studies of Egypt and Algeria, by Mr. F. A. Bridgman, to which he gives the general name of "A Glimpse of the East," at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street.

AT Christie's, last Saturday, perhaps the three most remarkable lots in the sale were two early Vicat Coles, and a famous one, at all events, an exquisite drawing by Meissonier. The Meissonier water-colour, which represented a single figure—a man's, of course—seated in a meditative attitude, and smoking, fetched about eight hundred guineas. Of the Vicat Coles, one was "A Surrey Cornfield," painted in 1861, when the manner of the artist was quite different from that which suffices to retain for him his popularity to-day. This work sold for six hundred and seventy guineas—doubtless, an immense advance on the sum originally paid for it. The second work realised eight hundred and forty guineas. It was called "The End of the Day." It was painted some three years later than the other. What it represented was a countryside, with a background of sky flushed with a phenomenal sunset.

The proprietor of the *Studio*, an art magazine published at New York, has given a commission to M. Rajon to etch a plate expressly for publication in that magazine.

THE STAGE.

"A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS."

MANY interesting problems—and hardly one of them can we properly touch in this short notice—are raised by the consideration of that masterpiece of Thomas Heywood's which the "Dramatic Students" performed last week before half the managers, actors, play-

wrights, and critics in London. Most wise the "Students" were, and (in spite of imperfections in their performance) entirely justified were they in giving the illumination of the stage to a play which for two hundred years has been known only in the library. I wish only that they had gone a little further—that they had been bold instead of discreet, and had done us the thing pretty much as it stands, removing here perhaps an impossible word, but omitting, at the most, very little. Really, we might have braced ourselves to bear it; and the "young person," and her middle-aged relations who influence [and spoil her, might have stayed away. *Dis aliter visum*, however—it seemed otherwise to the Reading Committee, which wants, perhaps, a literary man upon it. So what we had was not in all respects the actual thing—the picture of rude manners and rude thoughts, monstrous deed and almost Utopian pardon—but something very much like all that: as much like it perhaps as may have seemed admissible to a censor who objects to "Francillon" in French. Anyhow, what we had was quite worth doing; and it was, upon the whole, very well done.

The "Students" having considerably printed from all sorts of authorities all sorts of opinions on the play, we are not ourselves invited to undergo the labour of research. They can tell us not only what Mr. Symonds said about the play in 1884, and what Lamb and Hazlitt said of it early in the century, but one or two circumstances which are yet more interesting; for it seems that the diary of Philip Henslowe contains some entries which it is very curious to contrast, and one of them shows that if scenery was neglected, dress was much considered at the moment when the play was first produced. Thomas Heywood himself would appear to have been in dire need of some Mr. Besant of the period to look after his interests; for on the 12th of February, 1602, he received, at the appointment of the company, £3 "in part of payment for his play," and on the 6th of March, £3 "in full payment for his play." Unable, after receiving this largesse, to secure even the barest necessities of life—a decently appointed yacht, for instance, or a house in Harrington Gardens—poor Thomas Heywood was yet bound to be aware that no less than £6 13s. had been paid for "a woman's gowne of black velvett, for the playe of a Woman Kyllled with Kyndnes." However that may have been, the piece, which experts declare to have been about the first of purely domestic dramas, had a measure of success. It was referred to, two years after its production, much as we might to-day refer to "Jim the Penman" or to "Harbour Lights"; and it was seen, it seems, from time to time, until the later years of the Restoration, when it vanished from the stage altogether. We cannot say that we expect that it will ever experience a return of popularity. Its lighter interest—the interest of a not unimportant under-plot—has its source too much in its truth to manners which we can hardly care about. The quarrel over the hawking—the quarrel of two gentlemen as testy as opposing Montagus and Capulets—has but an antiquarian interest for us. The plans of Sir

Francis Acton, in respect to the young woman Susan Mountford, are such as are not now made common matter of discussion; nor, perhaps, are we quite *naïve* enough to believe that the person who was able to form them would have been very likely to drop them at the instant at which Susan became visible to him—to drop them with the reverent exclamation, "O! chaste and fair!" As for the profounder interest—that which one takes in Master Frankford's love and kindness, in Mistress Frankford's facile affections, in Master Wendoll's self-questioning villainy—much of it is gratified to perfection elsewhere, in plays, we mean, some of which have not aged, others of which have not had time to age. Mistress Frankford's ready yielding under a fascination, a spell—which Miss Webster expressed with the most agreeable art—recalls the yielding of Anne to the wily hunchback in "Richard the Third." The relations of Wendoll to Frankford—that of a traitor to his benefactor—recalls those of Orgon and Tartuffe. And the forgiveness of the lady by her lord, and her serene and exemplary departure, recall the death-scene of "Froufrou." Yet all this may be, and yet leave "A Woman killed with Kindness" full of a quality of its own: full of a moving pathos, a simplicity and directness of diction. All this may be; and yet "A Woman killed with Kindness" may be worthy of study again, for its curious modernness, its tolerance, its almost Dumas-like dealing with social problems. From a dozen points of view the piece is very interesting. But its interest is for the student of literature and life—not, I think, for the public that pays the shilling to the gallery, and not, I am quite certain, for the far more stupid public that pays half-a-guinea for a stall at the fag-end of an evening. "Pictor Ignotus," in the poem, was deeply gratified that "at least no merchant traffics in my heart"; and the soul of Heywood may rest in peace—his play will never draw away the diner at smart restaurants from the last tavern in vogue.

We have said that the piece was acted well. The truth might be expressed better by saying that it was acted intelligently. There was not a single gross fault; and if sins of omission were now and then perceptible, how is to be wondered at, seeing that the play had no more stage traditions about it than had the "Cenci" last spring? Every part had to be "created"; and though there is no doubt a certain benefit in immunity from comparisons, there is, of course, a disadvantage in the absence of all precedent whatever, and that must be felt more keenly when the play is a very old one, dealing with other times, other manners—how difficult, even in imagination, to revive! Mr. Foss, as Master Wendoll, gave perhaps more truth to the hesitation and shame of his treachery than to his active delight in its speedily accomplished results. Mr. Charrington was satisfactory as Sir Charles Mountford, and Mr. Trent as Master Malby and Mr. Perceval-Clark as Nicholas. As the husband, Mr. Fuller Mellish was sympathetic: it was his privilege to make the character possible—and this is saying much; but in distinctness of utterance, he might have learnt something from Mr. Frederick Harrison, who,

playing Sir Francis Acton with skill and assurance, and with dignity of gait, and got up like the Duc de Guise, as from a portrait at Chambord, made a welcome first appearance in London. Miss Ayrton—quite a thoughtful actress—as Susan Mountford, did a thing or two ingeniously, and suffered from her part being “cut”; while, as Sisly, Miss Eva Wilson had but to be pretty. The real task was Miss Webster’s, and she understood that it was difficult. She has made immense strides since the performance of the “Maiden Queen.” If she failed anywhere, it was in expressing to the full the remorse and agony that follow on the discovery of Mistress Frankford’s fault. This did not want truth, though perhaps it wanted intensity; and, anyhow, there are not half-a-dozen actresses upon the stage who could have coped with it at all. Excellently did Miss Webster convey at first the genuine innocence of the lady—the entire frankness of her dealings with her husband’s friend—and then the hesitation at his proposals, the intoxication of an influence not easy to analyse.

“My soul is wandering and hath lost her way.

My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace
Have their offences noted in their face.”

That was said admirably—and much besides. It is one of the most righteous functions of the “Dramatic Students” to make evident the existence of really serious talent in those whose chances of exhibiting it are by no means too frequent or too rich.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

NEXT Thursday afternoon is appointed for the production, at the Gaiety, of Mr. H. M. Paull’s new comedy, “The Great Felicidad,” in which important parts will be played by Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Macklin, and that much esteemed actress, Miss Amy Roselle. “The Great Felicidad,” we may tell our readers, is the name of a mine—from which the expectant playgoer may rightly conclude that the story is connected with the City.

MR. HENRY A. JONES is now in town, busily superintending the rehearsals of his new play for the Vaudeville, where, however, “Sophia” is still enjoying public favour.

THE Haymarket Theatre—which has the perhaps not altogether enviable speciality of the fashionable *débutante*—will almost immediately be the scene of the appearance of Mrs. Brown Potter, in a revival of a play by Mr. Wilkie Collins. Mr. Beerbohm Tree leaves the theatre. Mr. Willard, it is understood, remains to play a principal part.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE first Philharmonic concert, which took place last Thursday week at St. James’s Hall, was one of exceptional interest. M^{me}. Schumann played Schumann’s Pianoforte Concerts in A minor, a work in which she has not been heard in England since March, 1877, when it was given at the Crystal Palace. In presence of such an interpreter, the critic finds his occupation gone, excepting in so far as it enables him to judge other performances of the work to which he has listened in the past, or to which he may listen in the future. Her

reading was a quiet, natural one, very different from the sensational efforts of some pianists of note. We refer specially to the first and last movements. The middle one was taken a trifle faster than usual. It is scarcely necessary to add that M^{me}. Schumann at the close was recalled many times to the platform. Some of the audience, indeed, showing more zeal than discretion, tried to get her to play a solo by way of encore. The programme included Brahms’ Fourth Symphony. M^{me}. Valleria was the vocalist. Sir A. Sullivan was unfortunately unable to be present at this first concert. A printed notice explained the cause of his absence. He had gone abroad for the sake of his health, but fell among earthquakes, and his nerves were so shattered that he felt quite unable for the present to attend to his duties. It is to be hoped that he will be sufficiently restored to take the *bâton* at the second concert. His place was filled by Mr. Mount. The orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus at its head, was in fine condition.

M^{me}. Schumann appeared for the second time at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening. She played three pieces from Schumann’s Op. 12, entitled “Aufschwung, Warum, and Traumes-Wirren, three of the most romantic of the many pieces which the composer wrote for the pianoforte. She played the first with wonderful vigour, the second with great delicacy; but in the third she showed signs of fatigue, so that her rendering of it was scarcely equal to some which we have heard in past seasons. She accepted the encore, and gave in her best manner Schumann’s lovely “Schlummerlied.” Besides these solos, she took part with Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn’s Sonata in D major (Op. 58) for pianoforte and violoncello. It is scarcely possible to imagine a purer or more refined reading of this favourite work. In listening to M^{me}. Schumann, one could not help remembering that she had known Mendelssohn, had often heard him play, and therefore probably had more appreciation of, and sympathy with, the music than many a younger pianist. The programme included Mozart’s sparkling Quintett for strings in D, and Beethoven’s Trio, also for strings, in G, both led by Herr Joachim. Mr. Orlando Harvey sang Mozart’s “Dalla sua pace.” He has a light baritone voice, but his rendering of the song was not altogether satisfactory in either phrasing or in intonation.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Max Pauer gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at Prince’s Hall. The programme included pieces by some of the greatest clavier composers, from Handel to Chopin. In the fine Suite in D minor by the Saxon master, and in the Harpsichord Lessons of Scarlatti, Mr. Pauer’s well-trained fingers found an easy and genial task. The principal piece of the afternoon was Beethoven’s grand Sonata in C minor (Op. 111). In the first movement the pianist was somewhat flurried. In the theme with variations, mechanically he was highly successful; but there was something more than digital skill, though from time to time the theme too modestly hid itself behind the rich ornamentation. Beethoven’s tone-poems need the head to train the fingers, but always the heart to guide them in performance. This, however, with Mr. Max Pauer, ought only to be a question of time: he is talented, and still young. We were sorry to find Chopin represented only by the Allegro de Concert, which we recently noticed, and in which so little of the real Chopin is to be found. The second part of the programme included transcriptions by Schumann, Liszt, and Tausig. The Schumann piece was No. 6, from Op. 10, Studies after Caprices by Paganini. The recital, considering the weather, was fairly well attended.

Mr. Henschel gave his sixteenth and last

Symphony Concert on the same evening. The programme included Schubert’s great Symphony in C, No. 9, or, as Sir G. Grove will have it, No. 10. On this occasion it was marked as No. 7, following the numbering of the new Breitkopf & Härtel edition, which discards the unfinished symphonies in E and B minor. They will be afterwards published among the supplementary works. The symphony under Mr. Henschel went well, though here and there more attention might have been paid to matters of detail. The conductor gave his audience the full benefit of the “heavenly length” of the work by not leaving out, as is customary, any of the repeats. If the audience found it too long, composer and not conductor is to blame. Mr. Lloyd gave a magnificent rendering of the “Farewell to Elsa,” from Lohengrin, and was vehemently applauded at the close.

Thus terminates a series of concerts which began somewhat tamely, but which has shown of late signs of improvement. Mr. Henschel announces his second series to commence next November. We wish him all success. We hope that he will benefit by experience, and in the future be more careful in his selection of novelties. We hope, too, that he will see his way to provide programme-books with music-type. Concerts of this class are much needed during the dull season, and Mr. Henschel has a splendid chance of doing great things for himself and for musical art.

Mr. Tobias A. Matthay, one of the professors at the Royal Academy of Music, gave his annual pianoforte recital at Prince’s Hall, on Thursday afternoon. In spite of the inclement weather, it was well attended. Mr. Matthay gave an excellent rendering of Beethoven’s thirty-two variations in C minor, and showed much taste and character in his interpretation of Schumann’s three romances, Op. 28. In the matter of *tempi*, however, M^{me}. Schumann might not have been quite satisfied. The programme included Brahms’s difficult Paganini Variations (Op. 35, Bk. 1), a Chopin selection and some modern pieces, including compositions by the concert-giver himself.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD HECHT.

A PROMINENT figure in the musical world of Manchester, has disappeared in the person of Mr. Edward Hecht, who died at his residence, Ravenswood, Didsbury, on Sunday, March 6.

Mr. Hecht was born at Dürkheim-on-the-Hardt, in Rhenish Bavaria, on November 28th, 1832. His father was a teacher of singing at Frankfort-on-Maine for many years; and young Hecht, who early showed strong musical tastes, studied first under him, and subsequently under Jacob Rosenhain and other well-known German musicians. In November 1854, he came to England, and, after a brief residence in London, settled in Manchester as a pianoforte teacher. Mr. Hecht was connected with Charles Hallé’s historic concerts almost from their origin; and in 1870 he became conductor of the choir—a post he retained until his death, to the satisfaction of all. From 1859 to 1878 he acted as conductor of the Manchester Liedertafel, and he held the same post in the St. Cecilia Choral Society from 1860 until his death. In 1875 he was appointed Lecturer on Harmony and Composition at Owens College, and four years later he added to his many duties the conductorship of the Stretford Choral Society. He was also conductor of the Bradford and Halifax Musical Society, and musical examiner at the High School for Girls, Manchester. He composed many pieces—among others, the music for the chorus and orchestra at the Bristol Festival (1879), a “March Elegy” (in memory of Bishop Fraser), and a concerto for pianoforte (“Eric the Dane”).

E. PARTINGTON.